

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## PERLYCROSS.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### BLACKMARSH.

A LONG way back among the Black-down Hills and in nobody knows what parish, the land breaks off into a barren stretch, uncouth, dark, and desolate. Being neither hill nor valley, slope nor plain, morass nor woodland, it has no lesson for the wanderer, except that the sooner he gets out of it the better. For there is nothing to gratify him if he be an artist, nothing to interest him if his tastes are antiquarian, nothing to arouse his ardour, even though he were that happy and most ardent creature, a naturalist free from rheumatism. And as for any honest fellow mainly concerned with bread and butter, his head will at once go round with fear and with looking over his shoulders. For it is a lonesome and gruesome place, where the weather makes no difference; where nature has not put her hand, on this part or on that, to leave a mark or show a preference, but slurred the whole with one black frown of desolate monotony.

That being so, the few and simple dwellers on the moorland around, or in the lowland homesteads, might well be trusted to keep their distance from this dreary solitude. There were tales enough of hapless travellers last

seen going in this direction, and never in any other; as well as of spectral forms, low groans, and nightly processions through the air. Not more than a hundred years ago, there had been a wicked baronet, profane, rapacious, arrogant, black-hearted, foul, and impious. A blessed curate prayed him not to hunt on Holy Friday. He gave the blessed curate a taste of whip-thong from his saddle; then blew seven blasts of his horn, to proclaim that he would hunt seven days in every week, put spurs to his black horse, and away. The fox, disturbed on Holy Friday, made for this Forbidden Land, which no fox had ever done before. For his life he plunged into it, feeling for the moment that nothing could be worse than to be torn in pieces. The hounds stoppel, as if they were turned to stone in the fury of their onslaught. The huntsman had been left far behind, having wife and family. But the wicked baronet cracked his whip, blew three blasts on his horn, leaned forward on his horse and gave him the rowel. The hounds in a frenzy threw up their sterns and all plunged headlong into it. And ever since that, they may be seen (an hour after sun-down, on every Sunday of the season and on any Holy Friday) in full cry scouring through the air, with the wicked baronet after them,

lashing his black horse and blowing his horn, but with no fox in front to excuse them.

These facts have made the Forbidden Land, or the Blackmarsh as some call it, even less desirable than its own complexion shows it. And it is so far from Perlycross that any man on foot is tired by the time he gets there, and feels that he has travelled far enough and in common sense must go home again.

But there was one Perlycrucian now (by domicile, not nativity) of tireless feet and reckless spirit, too young for family ties and too impetuous for legends. By this time he was admitted to the freedom of every hedge and ditch in the parish, because he was too quick to be caught and too young to be prosecuted. Horatio Peckover was his name, by usage cut short into Hopper; a lad in advance of his period, and the precursor of all paper-chases. Like many of those who are great in this line, he was not equally strong in the sedentary uses of that article. Mr. Penniloe found him so far behind, when pen and ink had to be dealt with, that he put him under the fine Roman hand of Sergeant Jakes the school-master. Jakes was not too richly endowed by a grateful country for years of heroism; neither was his stipend very gorgeous for swinging cane in lieu of gun. Sixpence an hour was his figure for pen-drill of private pupils, and he gladly added Hopper to the meagre awkward squad.

Soon an alliance of the closest kind was formed, the veteran taking warm interest in the spirited sallies of youth, and the youth with eager thirst imbibing the fine old Peninsular vintage of the brightest ruby, poured forth in the radiance of a yellow tallow candle. For the long school-room was cleared at night of coats, and hats, and green-baize bags, cracked slates, bead-slides, and spelling-books, and all the other accoutrements and even toys of the youthful Muse; and at seven o'clock Horatio stepped across the road from the rectory, sat down at the

master's high black desk, and shouldered arms for the copy-drill. The sergeant was famed for his flourishes, chiefly of his own invention, and had promised to impart that higher finish when the fancy capitals were mastered.

"What a whack of time it does take, Sergeant!" cried Hopper, as he dipped his pen one Friday night. "Not half so bad as Latin though, and there is something to look at afterwards. Capitals almost captured now. Ah, you have taken the capitals of many a country, Sergeant. Holloa! 'Xerxes was conqueror at Marathon,' to-night! Sergeant, are you quite sure of that? I thought it was another fellow, with a longer name—Milly, Tilly, something."

"No, Master Hopper; if it had been, we must have passed him long ago, among the big M's."

"To be sure. What a muff I was not to think of that! I beg your pardon, Sergeant. There's scarcely anything you don't know."

"I had that on the highest authority (right elbow more in to your side, sir, if you please). That Xerxes copy was always set by commanding officer at Turry Vardoes,—could not tell what to do with the men at night—so many ordered to play at nine-pins, and so many told off to learn roundhand. If it had not been for that, sir, I should never have been equal to my present situation."

"Then it must have been Xerxes, Sergeant. And after all, how can it matter, when it happened so long ago? A blot again! D—n it!"

"Master Hopper, I am very sorry, but it is my duty to reprimand you for the use of profane language. Never permitted, sir, in school-hours. Would you do it before Mr. Penniloe?"

"I should rather hope not. Wouldn't old Pen stare! And then he'd be down upon me, like the very—capital D. Sergeant, pray excuse me; I only thought of him, without any name. I suppose we may call him Old Nick though, with-

out having to go to him for doing it. I never could see what the difference was. But, my eye, Sergeant, I expected to see the old chap yesterday, cloven hoof, tail, eyes of fire and everything!"

"What do you mean, sir? Where was he? Not in Perlycross, I hope?" Sergeant Jakes glanced down the long dark room, and then at the pegs where his French sword was hanging.

"No, not here. He daren't come so near the church. But in the place where he lives all day, according to the best authorities. You have heard of Blackmarsh, haven't you? No marsh at all,—that's the joke of it—but the queerest place I ever saw in all my life. Criky, jimminy, but it is a rum un!"

"You don't mean to say you were there, sir?" The Sergeant took his hand from Hopper's shoulder, and went round to see whether he was joking.

"To be sure I was, as large as life and twice as natural! Had a holiday, as you know, and got leave off from dinner. Mother Muggridge gave me grub enough to go to Halifax. I had been meaning to go there ever so long, because everybody seems to funk it so. Why there's nothing there to be afraid of; though it makes you look about a bit, and you aren't sorry to come out of it."

"Did you tell Mr. Penniloe you had been there, Master Hopper?"

"Sergeant, do you see any green in my eye?" Horatio dropped his pen, and enlarged the aperture of one eye, in a style very fashionable just then, but never very elegant.

"No, sir, I can't answer fairly that I do; and I don't believe there ever was much, even when you was a babby."

"Mum's the word, you see then, even to old Muggridge, or she might be fool enough to let out. But I say, Sergeant, I've got a little job for you to do; easy enough; I know you won't refuse me."

"No, sir, that I won't; anything

whatever that lays in my power, Master Hopper."

"Well, it's only this,—just to come with me to-morrow—half-holiday, you know, and I can get off plum-duffs—always plum-duffs on a Saturday, and you should just see Pike pitching into them—and we'll give the afternoon to it, and examine Blackmarsh pretty thoroughly."

"Blackmarsh, Master Hopper! The Forbidden Land, where Sir Robert upon his black horse, and forty hounds in full cry before him, may be seen and heard sweeping through the air like fiends!"

"Oh, that's all my eye and Betty Martin! Nobody believes that, I should hope. Why, Sergeant, a man who knows all about Xerxes, and has taken half the capitals in Europe—oh, I say, Sergeant, come, you are not afraid now; and a fellow of sixteen, like me, to go there all by myself, and stop—well, nearly half an hour!"

"Afraid! Not I. No, certainly not,—after mountains, and forests, and caverns, and deserts. But the distance, Master Hopper, for a man of my age, and troubled with rheumatism in the knee-joint."

"Oh, that's all right! I have planned out all that. Of course I don't expect you to go ten miles an hour. But Baker Channing's light cart goes every other Saturday to Crooked-post quarry at the further end of Hagdon, to fetch back furze enough to keep his oven going from a stack he bought there last summer. To-morrow is his day; and you have no school, you know, after half-past ten or eleven. You ride with old Tucker to the Crooked-post, and come back with him, when he is loaded up. It sha'n't cost you a farthing. I have got a shilling left, and he shall have it. It is only two miles or so from Crooked-post to this end of Blackmarsh; and there you will find me waiting. Come, you can't get out of that."

"But what do you want me there for, sir? Of course, I'd go anywhere

you would venture, if I could see any good in it."

"Sergeant, I'll tell you what. You thought a great deal of Sir Thomas Waldron, didn't you?"

"More than of any man that ever lived, or ever will see the light of this wicked world."

"And you didn't like what was done to him, did you?"

"Master Hopper, I tell you what; I'd give ten years off my poor life, if I could find out who did it."

"Then I fancy I have found out something about it. Not much, mind; but still something, and may come to more, if we follow it up. And if you come to-morrow, I'll show you what it is. You know that my eyes are pretty sharp, and that I wasn't born yesterday. You know who it was that found Little Billy. And you know who wants to get Fox out of this scrape, because he is a Somerset man, and all that, and doesn't deserve this trouble. And still more because——"

"Well, Master Hopper, still more, because of what?"

"I don't mind telling you something, Sergeant,—you have seen a lot of the world, you know. Because Jemmy Fox has got a deuced pretty sister."

"Oh come, Master Hopper, at your time of life! And not even got into the flourishes!"

"It doesn't matter, Jakes. I may seem rather young to people who don't understand the question. But that is my own business, I should hope. Well, I shall look out for you to-morrow; two o'clock at the latest."

"But why shouldn't we tell Dr. Fox himself, and get him to come with us? That seems the simplest thing."

"No; there are very good reasons against that. I have found this out; and I mean to stick to it. No one would have dreamed of it, except for me. And I won't have it spoiled by every nincompoop poking his nose into it. Only if we find anything more,

and you agree with me about it, we will tell old Pen, and go by his opinion."

"Very well, sir. It all belongs to you; as it did to me, when I was first after Soult's arrival to discover the advance of the French outposts. You shall have the credit, though I didn't. Anything more, sir? The candle is almost out."

"Sergeant, no more. Unless you could manage,—I mean, unless you should think it wise to bring your fine old sword with you. You say there is no such piece of steel——"

"Master Hopper, there is no such piece, unless it was Lord Wellington's. They say he had one that he could lean on,—not a dress-sword, not flummery, but a real workman—and although he was never a heavy man—a stone and a half less than I was then—it would make any figure of the multiplication-table that he chose to call for under him. But I mustn't carry arms in these days, Master Hopper. I shall bring a bit of Spanish oak, and trust in the Lord."

On the following day the sun was shining pretty well for the decrepitude of the year. There had been no frost to speak of, since that first sharp touch about three weeks back. The air was mild, and a westerly breeze played with the half ripe pods of gorse and the brown welting of the heather. Hopper had brought a long wand of withy from the bank of the last brook he had leaped, and he peeled it with his pocket-knife, and sat (which he seldom did when he could help it) on a tuft of rush, waiting for the sergeant. He stretched his long wiry legs, and counted the brass buttons on his yellow leathern gaiters, which came nearly to his fork and were made fast by narrow straps to his brace-buttons.

This young man (as he delighted to be called) had not many grievances, because he ran them off so fast; but the two he chiefly dwelt upon, in his few still moments, were the insufficiency of cash and calf. For the



former he was chiefly indebted to himself, having never cultivated powers of retention; for the deficiency of calves, however, nature was to blame, although she might plead not unfairly that they were allowed no time to grow. He regarded them now with unmerited contempt, and slapped them in some indignation with the supple willow wand. It might well be confessed that they were not very large, as is often the case with long-distance runners; but for all that they were as hard as nails, and endowed with knobs of muscle tough and tense as coiled mainspring. In fact there was not a bit of flabby stuff about him; and his high clear colour, bright eyes, and ready aspect made him very pleasant to behold, though his nose was rather snubby, and his cheek-bones high, and his mouth of too liberal aperture.

"Come along, Sergeant, what a precious time you have taken!" Hopper shouted, as the angular outline of the veteran appeared at last in a gap between two ridges. "Why, we shall scarcely have two hours of good daylight left. And how do you know that Tucker won't go home without you?"

"He knows a bit better than that," replied Jakes, smiling with dark significance. "Master Hopper, I've got three of Tucker's boys in Horseshoe. Tucker is bound to be uncommon civil."

Now the Horseshoe was a form in the school at *Perlycross* especially adapted for corporal applications, snug as a cockpit and affording no possibility of escape. And what was still better, the boys of that class were in the very prime of age for attracting, as well as appreciating, healthy and vigorous chastisement; all of them big enough to stand it, none of them big enough to kick, and for the most part newly trousered into tempting chubbiness. Truly it might be said, that the parents of playful boys in the Horseshoe had given hostages to education.

"But bless my heart—what—what?" continued the ancient soldier, as he followed the rapid steps of Hopper, "why, I don't like the look of this place at all. It looks so weist, as we say about here, so unwholesome, and strange, and ungodly, and—and so timoursome."

"It is ever so much worse further on; and you can't tell where you are at all. But to make sure of our coming back, if—if there should be nothing to prevent us, I have got this white stick ready, and I am going to fix it on the top of that clump. There now, we shall be able to see that for miles."

"But we are not going miles I hope, Master Hopper. I'm a little too stiff for such a walk as that. You don't know what it is to have a pain in your knee."

"Oh, don't I? I come down on it often enough. But I don't know exactly how far we are going. There is nothing to measure distance by. Come along, Sergeant! We'll be just like two flies going into one of your big ink-pots."

"Don't let me lose sight of you, Master Hopper. I mean, don't you lose sight of me. You might want somebody to stand by you. It is the darkest bit of God's earth I ever did see. And yet nothing overhead to darken it. Seems almost to make its own shadow. Good Lord! what was that came by me?"

"Oh, a bat, or an owl, or a big dor beetle; or it might be a thunderbolt,—just the sort of place for them. But—what a bad place it is for finding things!"

There could scarcely have been a worse one, at least upon dry and unforested land. There was no marsh whatever, so far as they had come, but a dry, uneven, shingly surface black as if fire had passed over it. There was no trace however of fire, neither any substance sufficient to hold it, beyond the mere passage of a shallow flame. The blackness that covered the face of the earth, and

seemed to stain the air itself and heavily dim the daylight, was of something unknown upon the breezy hills or in the clear draught of a valley. It reflected no light and received no shadow, but lay like the strewing of some approach to quarters undesirable. Probably from this (while unexamined by such men as we have now), the evil repute of the place had arisen, going down generations of mankind, while the stuff at the bottom renewed itself. This stuff appeared to be the growth of some lanky trailing weed, perhaps some kind of *Persicaria*, but unusually dense and formless, resembling what may be seen sometimes at the bottom of a dark watercourse, where the river slides without a wrinkle and trees of thick foliage overhang it. And the same spread of life, that is more like death, may be seen where leagues of laver strew the foreshore of an Atlantic coast, when the spring tides are out and the winds gone low.

"By George! here we are at last. Thought I should never have made it out, in the thick of this blessed cobobbery!" shouted Hopper, stopping short and beckoning. "Now, Sergeant, what do you say to that? Queer thing, just here, isn't it?"

The veteran's eyes, confused and weary with the long monotony, were dazzled by sudden contrast. Hitherto the dreary surface, uniform and trackless, had offered only heavy plodding, jarred by the jerk of a hidden stone sometimes, but never elastic. All the boundary-beaters of the parish, or even a regiment of cavalry, might have passed throughout and left no trace upon the padded cumber. But here a glaring stripe of silver sand broke through the blackness, intensely white by contrast, though not to be seen a few yards off because sunk below the level. Like a crack of the ground from earthquake, it ran across from right to left, and beyond it all was black again. The ancient soldier glanced around, to be sure that no surprise was meant; and then with

his big stick tried the substance of the white material. With one long stride he could have reached the other side, but the caution of perilous days awoke.

"Oh, there's nothing in that, and it is firm enough. But look here," said his young companion; "this is what floors me altogether."

He pointed to a place where two deep tracks, as of narrow wheels, crossed the white opening; and between them were three little pits about the size and depth of a gallon saucepan. The wheel-tracks swerved to the left, as if with a jerk to get out of the sandy hollow, and one of the three footprints was deeper and larger than the other two.

"Truly this is the doing of the arch-enemy of mankind himself." Sergeant Jakes spoke solemnly, and yet not very slowly, for he longed to make off with promptitude.

"The doing, more likely, of those big thieves who couldn't let your colonel rest in his grave. Do you mean to turn tail upon them, Sergeant Jakes?"

"May the Lord turn His back upon me, if I do!" The veteran's colour returned to his face, and all thoughts of flight departed. "I would go to the ends of the world, Master Hopper, after any living man; but not after Satan."

"The devil was in them; no doubt about that. But he made them do it for him. Does Old Nick carry whiccord? You see how that was, don't you?"

The youth leaped across, and brought back the lash of a whip which he had concealed there. "Plain as a pike-staff, Sergeant. When the wheels plunged into this soft stuff, the driver must have lashed like fury to make him spring the cart out again. Off came the old lash, and here it is. But wait a minute. I've got something more to show you, that spots the villains pretty plain."

"Well, sir," said Jakes, regarding Hopper with no small admiration,

"you deserve your stripes for this. Such a bright young gent shouldn't be thrown away in the Church. I was just going to say, 'How can we tell they did it?' Though none but thundering rogues would come here; nothing can be clearer than that, I take it."

"Then you and I are thundering rogues! Got you there, Sergeant; by gum, I did! Now come on a few steps further."

They stepped out boldly, having far less fear of human than of super-human agency, though better had they met Apollyon perhaps than the wild men they were tracing. Within less than a furlong they reached an opening, where the smother of the black weeds fell away and an open track was left once more. Here the cart-wheels could be traced distinctly, and at one spot something far more convincing. In the middle of the track a patch of firm blue clay arose above the surface for a distance of perhaps some fifty yards; and on it were frequent impressions of the hoofs of a large horse moving slowly. And of these impressions one (repeated four or five times very clearly) was that of the near fore-foot, distinctly showing a broken shoe and the very slope and jag of the fracture.

"What do you think of that now, Sergeant?" asked Hopper, as he danced in triumph, but took good care not to dance upon the clay. "They call me a hedger and ditcher, don't they? Well, I think I am a roadster too."

"Master Hopper, to my mind you are an uncommonly remarkable young gent. The multiplication-table may not be strongly in your line, sir. But you can put two and two together, and no fear to jump on top of them."

"Oh, but the bad luck of it, Sergeant! The good luck for them, and the shocking luck for me. I never came to old Pen's shop, you see, till a day or two after it was found out. And then it took me a fortnight, or more, to get up the lay of the

country and all that. And I was out of condition for three days, with a blessed example in the Eton grammar, *Percontatorem fugito*, that frightened me no end, and threw me off the hooks. But I fancy I am on the right hook now."

"That you are, sir, and no mistake. And a braver young man never came into a regiment, even in Sir Arthur's time. Sir, you must pitch away copy-books. Education is all very fine for those who can't do no better; but it spoils a young man with higher gifts."

"Don't say a good word of me till you know all," replied the candid Hopper. "I thought that I was a pretty plucky fellow, because I was all by myself, you understand, and I knew that no fellow could catch me in a run across the open. But I'll show you where I was stodged off; and it has been on my conscience ever since. Just come to that place, where the ground breaks off."

He led the way along a gentle slope, while the light began to fail behind them, until they stood upon the brink of a steep descent with a sharp rise upon the other side. It was like the backway to the bottom of a lime-kiln, but there was no lime for many leagues around. The track of cart-wheels was very manifest, and the bottom was dark with the approach of night.

"My turn, Master Hopper, to go first now. No wife or family, and nought to leave behind." With these words spoken in a whisper, the sergeant (who had felt much self-reproach at the superior courage of a peaceful generation) began to go stiffly down the dark incline, waving his hand for the other to wait there.

"In for a penny, in for a pound. I can kick like winkin', though I can't fight much." With these words, the gallant Hopper followed, slowing his quick steps to the heavier march in front.

When they came to the bottom they found a level space with room

enough to turn a horse and cart. It was getting very dusky where they stood, with the grim sides gathering round them, and not a tree or bush to give any sign of life, but the fringe of the dominant black weed, like heavy brows, shagging the outlook. But on the left hand, where the steep fell back, was the mouth as of a cave scooped roughly. Within it, all was black with gloom, and the low narrow entrance showed little hospitality.

"I don't care a d—n," said Sergeant Jakes, forgetful of school discipline; "if there's any scoundrel there, I'll drag him out. If it's old Colonel's bones—well, I'm not afraid of them." There remained just light enough to show that the cart had been backed up to the entrance.

"Where you go, I go," replied the dauntless Hopper; and into it they plunged, with their hearts beating high, but their spirits on fire for anything.

The sound of their steps, as they passed into the darkness, echoed the emptiness of the place. There was nothing to be felt, except rugged flinty sides and the damp chill which gathered in their hair, and in the middle a slab of broken stone, over which they stumbled into one another's arms. They had no means of striking a light; but as their eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, they assured themselves that there was nothing more to learn, unless it might be from some small object on the floor. There seemed to be no shelves, no sort of fixture, no recesses; only the bare and unoccupied cave.

"I tell you what," said Sergeant Jakes, as they stood in the open air again; "this has been a smugglers' store in the war-time; a natural cave, improved no doubt. What we thought to find is gone further on, I fear. Too late, Master Hopper, to do any more to-day, and perhaps too late to do any more at all. But we must come again with a light, if possible on Monday."

"Well, one thing we have proved,

—that the villains, whoever they were, must have come from up the country, perhaps as far off as the Mendip Hills. But keep it to yourself, till we have settled what to do. Not a word to Tucker, or the news will be all over Perlycross to-night. Come back to the hoof-marks, and I'll take a copy. If we could only find the impressions of the men's feet too! You see after all, that Joe Crang spoke the truth; and it was the discovery of his Little Billy that led me on in this direction."

There was light enough still, when they came back to the clay-patch, to make a rough tracing of the broken shoe on the paper in which the youth had brought his bread and bacon; and even that great steeple-chaser was glad to go home in company, and upon a truss of furze, with a flour-sack to shield him from the stubs and prickles.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### FIRESHIP AND GALLEON.

MEANWHILE the fair Christie was recovering nerve so fast, and established in such bouncing health again by the red-wheat bread of White Post farm, that nothing less would satisfy her than to beard (if the metaphor applies to ladies) the lion in the den, the arch-accuser in the very court of judgment. In a word, she would not rest until she stood face to face with Lady Waldron. She had thought of it often, and became quite eager in that determination, when her brother related to her what had passed in his interview with Miss Waldron.

Truly it was an enterprise of great pith, for a fair young English girl to confront the dark majestic foreign lady, stately, arrogant, imperious, and above all, embittered with a cruel wrong, fierce, malignant, rancorous. But for all that, Christie was resolved to do it; though perfectly aware that the Spanish lady would never be at home to her if she could help it. For this reason, and this alone, as she

positively assured herself, did Miss Fox make so long a stay with Mrs. Gilham, the while she was quite well enough to go back to Old Barn, and the path of duty led her to her brother's side. But let her once return to that side, and all hope would be lost of arranging an encounter with the slanderer, inasmuch as Dr. Jemmy would most sternly interdict it. Her good hostess, all the while, was only too glad to keep her; and so was another important member of the quiet household; and even the flip-pant Rosie was delighted to have such patterns. For Miss Fox had sent for a large supply of dresses, all the way to Foxden, by the key-bugleman of *The Defiance*; because it would save such a vast amount in carriage while one was so near the Great Western road. "I can't understand it," protested Doctor Jemmy. "As if men ever could!" replied the young lady.

However, the sweetest slice of sugar-cane must have empty pores too soon, and the last drop of honey drains out of the comb, and the silver voice of the flute expires, and the petals of the fairest rose must flag. All these ideas (which have been repeated, or repeated themselves, for some thousands of years) were present for the first time in all existence (according to his conviction) in the mind of an exalted, yet depressed, young farmer one fine Monday morning. Miss Fox had received her very last despatch, to the tune of *Roast Beef*, that morning, and sad to say she had not cut the string, though her pretty fingers flirted with it.

"My dear," said Mrs. Gilham, longing much to see within, inasmuch as she still had a tender heart for dainty tint and true elegance of tone; "if you wish to save the string (fine whippcord every inch of it) Frank has a picker in the six-bladed knife his godfather Farrant gave him, that will undo any knot that was ever tied by Samson." Upon him, she meant perhaps; however the result is quite the same.

"No, thank you," answered Christie, with a melancholy glance; "it had better be put in my trunk as it is. What induced them to send it when I'm just going away!"

"Going away! Next week, my dear, you may begin to think about it."

"To-morrow I must go. I am as well as ever; better a great deal, I ought to say. What did Dr. Gronow say on Saturday? And I came down here, not to enjoy myself, but to keep up the spirits of my poor dear brother."

"Why, his spirits are fine, Miss Fox. I only wish my poor dear Frank had a quarter of them. Last night I am sure,—and a Sunday too, when you and my son were gone to church——"

"To the little church close by, you mean, with Mrs. Coombes and Mary; because the sermon in the morning had felt so—so edifying."

"Yes, to be sure. But when your brother came in and was surprised not to find you with us, you know; his conversation—oh dear, oh dear, rather worldly-minded I must confess, bearing in mind what day it was—but he and Rose they kept it up together, for the tip of her tongue is fit for anybody's ear-ring, as the ancient saying goes,—laughing, Miss Fox, and carrying on, till, although I was rather put out about it, and would have stopped any one but a visitor, I was absolutely compelled, I assure you, to pull out my pocket handkerchief. Oh, I don't think there need be much fear about Doctor Jemmy's spirits!"

"But don't you think, Mrs. Gilham, it is chiefly his pride that supports him? We do the same sort of thing sometimes. We go into the opposite extreme, and talk and laugh as if we were in the highest spirits,—when we—when we don't want to let somebody know that we care what he thinks."

"Oh, you have learned that, have you, my dear!" The old lady looked

at her with some surprise. "Well, well! Happy will be the man that you do it for."

Christie felt that she was blushing, and yet could not help giving one sharp glance at her simple hostess. And it would have gone hard with Frank Gilham's chances if the maiden had spied any special meaning in the eyes of his dear mother. But the elderly lady gazed benignant, reflecting softly upon the time when she had been put to those disguises of the early maidenhood, which are but the face with its first bloom upon it. For the plain truth was that she did not wish her son to fall in love for some ten years yet, at the age that had suited his father. And as for Miss Fox, half a glimpse at her parcels would show her entire unfitness.

"I shall never do it for any man," said Christie, in scorn of her own suggestion. "If I am anything, I am straightforward; and if ever I care for any man, I shall give him my hand, and tell him so. Not, of course, till I know that he is gone upon me. But now I want to do a crafty thing. And money can do almost anything—except in love, Mrs. Gilham. I would not do it without your knowledge; for that would be a very mean return for all your kindness to me. I have made up my mind to see Lady Waldron, and tell her just what I think of her."

"My dear, Lady Waldron is nothing to me. The Gilhams have held their own land from the time of cross-bows and battle-axes. Besides our own, we rent about fifty acres of the outside of the Waldron property; but if they can get more for it, let them do so. Everybody loved poor Sir Thomas; and it was a pleasure to have to deal with him. But there is no such feeling about her ladyship; noble enough to look at, but best to deal with at a distance."

"Well, I mean to see her at close quarters. She has behaved shamefully to my brother. And who is she to frighten me? She is at the bottom

of all these wicked, wretched falsehoods that go about. And she would not even see him, to let him speak up for truth and justice. I call that mean, and low, and nasty. Of course the subject is horrible to her; and perhaps,—well, perhaps I should have done the same. But for all that, I mean to see her; for I love fair play, and this is foul play."

"What a spirit you have, my dear! I should never have thought it was in your gentle face. But you are in the right. And if I can help you—that is, if you are equal to it——"

"I am more than equal to it, my dear friend. What is there to fear, with the truth against black falsehoods?"

Mrs. Gilham turned her wedding-ring upon her "marriage-finger," a thing she never failed to do when her heart was busy with the bygone days. Then she looked earnestly at her guest, and saw that the point to be considered was, not shall we attempt it, but how shall it be done?

"Your mind is entirely set upon it; and therefore we will do our best," she promised. "But it cannot be managed in a moment. Will you allow me to consult my son? It seems like attacking a house almost. But I suppose it is fair, in a case like this."

"Perfectly fair. Indoors it must be, as there is no other chance. A thief must be caught inside a house, when he will not come out of it. And a person is no better than a thief who locks her doors against justice."

When Frank was consulted, he was much against the scheme; but his opposition was met more briefly than his mother's had been. "Done it shall be; and if you will not help, it shall be done without you"—was the attitude taken, not quite in words, but so that there was no mistaking it. Then he changed sides suddenly, confuted his own reasoning, and entered into the plan quite warmly; especially when it was conceded that he might be near the house, if he thought



proper, in case of anything too violent, or carried beyond what English ladies could be expected to endure. For as all agreed, there was hardly any saying what an arrogant foreigner might not attempt.

"I am quite aware that it will cost a large amount of bribery," said Christie, with a smile which proved her faith in her own powers in that line. "Will ten pounds do it, Mr. Frank, should you suppose?"

Though far gone in that brilliant and gloomy, nadir and zenith, tropical and arctic, condition of the human mind called love, Frank Gilham was of English nature; which, though torn up by the roots, ceases not to stick fast to the main chance. And so much the nobler on his part was this, because the money was not his nor ever likely so to be. "I think that three pounds ought to do it, or even fifty shillings," he replied, with an estimate perhaps too low of the worth of the British domestic. "If we could choose a day when old Binstock is off duty, it would save the biggest tip of all. And it would not matter what he thought afterwards, though doubtless he would be in a fury."

"Oh, I won't do it; I don't think I can do it; it does seem so nasty, and underhanded." Coming now to the practical part, Miss Fox was suddenly struck with the objections.

"My dear, I am very glad that you have come to see it in such a proper light," cried Mrs. Gilham a little prematurely, while her son nodded very sagely, ready to say "Amen" to either side, according to the final jump of the vacillating reasoner.

"No, but I won't then. I won't see it so. When people behave most improperly to you, are you bound to stand upon propriety with them? Just answer me that, if you can, Mrs. Gilham. My mind is quite settled by that consideration. I'll go in for it wholesale, Binstock and all, if he means a five-pound note for every stripe in his waistcoat."

"Mr. Binstock is much too grand to wear a striped waistcoat," said Frank with the gravity of one who understands his subject. "But he goes to see his parents every Wednesday. And he will not be wronged in reality, for it will be worth all that to him for the rise he will get by his absence."

"Binstock's parents! Why he must be over sixty!" exclaimed Frank's mother in amazement. She had greatly undervalued her son's knowledge.

"They are both in the poorhouse at Pumpington, the father eighty-five and the mother eighty-two. They married too early in life," said Frank; "and each of their fifteen children leaves the duty of supporting them to the other fourteen. Our Binstock is the most filial of the whole, for he takes his parents two ounces of tobacco every Wednesday."

"The inhuman old miser!" cried Miss Fox. "He shall never have two pence out of me. That settles it; Mr. Frank, try for Wednesday."

"Well, Frank, you puzzle me altogether," said Mrs. Gilham with some annoyance. "To think of your knowing all those things, and never telling your own mother!"

"I never talk of my neighbours' affairs until they become my own business." Frank pulled up his collar, and Christie said to herself that his mind was very large. "But don't run away with the idea, mother, that I ever pry into such small matters. I know them by the merest accident. You know that the gamekeeper offers me a day or two when the woodcocks come in; and Batts detests old Binstock. But he is on the very best terms with Charles, and Bob, and Tamar Haddon. Through them I can manage it perhaps for Wednesday, if Miss Fox thinks fit to entrust me with the matter."

It happened that Lady Waldron held an important council with Mr. Webber on the following Wednesday. She had long begun to feel the help-

lessness and sad disadvantages of her position, as a foreigner who had never even tried to understand the country in which she lived, or to make friends of any of the people round her. And this left her so much the more at the mercy of that dawdling old solicitor. "Oh that I could only find my dear brother!" was the constant cry of her sorrow and her wrath. "I wonder that he does not rush to help me. He would have done so long ago, if he had only known of this. No reply, no reply yet?" she asked, after listening, with patience that surprised herself, to the lawyer's long details of nothing and excellent reasons for doing still less. "Are you certain that you have had my demand, my challenge, my supplication to my only brother entered in all the Spanish journals, the titles of which I supplied to you, and entered in places conspicuous?"

"In every one of them, madam, with instructions that all replies should be sent to the office of the paper, and then direct to you. Therefore you should receive them, and not our firm. Shall we try in any other country?"

"Yes, oh yes! That is very good indeed. I was thinking of that only yesterday. My brother has much love for Paris sometimes, whenever he is in good,—in affluence, as your expression is. For I have not concealed from you, Mr. Webber, that although of the very first families of Spain, the count is not always,—through caprice of fortune, his resources are disposed to rise and fall. You should therefore try Paris, and Lyons, and Marseilles. It is not in my power to present the names of the principal journals. But they can be discovered, even in this country."

Mr. Webber was often hard put to it by the lady's calm assumption that barbarism is the leading characteristic of an Englishman. For Theodore Webber was no time-server; only bound by his duty to the firm, and

his sense of loyal service to a client of lofty memory. And he knew that he could take the lead of any English lady, because of her knowledge of his character and the way in which he pronounced it. But with this Spanish lady, all his really solid manner and true English style were thrown away. "Even in this country, madam, we know the names of the less enlightened journals of the Continent. They are hard to read, because of the miserable paper they are printed on; but my younger son has the gift of languages, and nothing is too outlandish for him. That also shall be attended to. And now about this question that arises between yourself and Mr. Penniloe?"

"I will not yield. I will sign nothing. Everything shall be as my husband did intend. And who can declare what that was, a stranger, or his own wife, with the most convincing?"

"Yes, madam, that is true enough. But according to English law we are bound by the words of the will; and unless those are doubtful no evidence of intention is admissible, and even then——"

"I will not be bound by a,—by an adaptation of words that was never intended. What has a heretic minister to do with my family, and with Walderscourt?"

"But, madam; excuse me. Sir Thomas Waldron asked you, and you consented, to the appointment of the Rev. Philip Penniloe, as your co-executor and co-trustee for your daughter, Miss Inez."

"If I did, it was only to please my husband, because he was in pain so severe. It should have been my brother, or else my son. I have said to you before, that after all that has been done, I refuse to adhere to that interpretation."

The solicitor fixed his eyes on her, not in anger, but in pure astonishment. He had deep gray eyes in a rugged setting, with large wrinkles under and dark gabled brows above; and he had never met a lady yet

(except his own wife) who was not overpowered by their solemn wisdom. Lady Waldron was not overpowered by them. In her ignorance of English usage, she regarded this gentleman of influence and trust as no more than a higher form of Binstock. "I shall have to throw it up," said Mr. Webber to himself; "but oh, what gorgeous picking for that very low-principled Bubb and Cockshalt!" The eminent firm he thought of thus were always prepared to take anything he missed. "Your ladyship is well aware," he said, being moved by that last reflection, "that we cannot have anything perfect in this world, but must take things as we find them. Mr. Penniloe is a most reasonable man, and acknowledges the value of my experience. He will not act in any way against your wishes, so far as may be in conformity with sound legal practice. That is the great point for us to consider, laying aside all early impressions (which are generally loose when examined) of—of Continental codes, and so on. We need not anticipate any trouble from your co-executor, who as a clergyman is to us a layman, if proper confidence is reposed in us. Already we are taking the regular steps to obtain probate of a very simple will, prepared very carefully in our office and by exceedingly skilful hands. We act for Mr. Penniloe, as well as for your ladyship. All is proceeding very smoothly, and exactly as your dear husband would have wished."

"Then he would have wished to have his last rest dishonoured, and his daughter estranged from her own mother."

"The young lady will probably come round, madam, as soon as you encourage her. Your mind is the stronger of the two, in every way. With regard to that sad and shameful outrage, we are doing everything that can be done. We have very little doubt that if matters are left to our judgment, and discreet activity——"

"Activity, sir! And what have

you done? How long is it—a month? I cannot reckon time, because day and night are the same thing to me. Will you never detect that abominable crime? Will you never destroy those black miscreants? Will you never restore—— Oh, I cannot speak of it—and all the time you know who did it all! There is no word strong enough in your poor tongue for such an out-cast monster. Yet he goes about, he attends to his business, they shake him by the hand, they smile at him; instead of spit, they smile at him! And this is called a Christian land! My God, what made You make it?"

"I implore your ladyship not to be excited; hitherto you have shown such self-command. Day and night we are on the watch, and something must speedily come of it. We have three modes of action, each one of them sure to be successful with patience. But the point is this,—to have no mistake about it, to catch him with evidence sufficient to convict him, and then to punish and disgrace him for ever."

"But how much longer before you will begin? I am so tired, so weary, so worn out—can you not see how it is destroying me?"

Mr. Webber looked at her, and could not deny that this was a very different Lady Waldron from the one who had scarcely deigned to bow to him only a few months ago. The rich warm colour had left her cheeks, the large dark eyes were wan and sunken, weariness and dejection spread where pride and strength of will had reigned. The lawyer replied in a bolder tone than he would have employed last summer: "Lady Waldron, we can do no more. If we attempted any stronger measures, the only result would be to destroy our chance. If you think that any other firm, or any kind of agency, would conduct matters more to your satisfaction, and more effectually than we have done, we would only ask you to place it in their hands. I assure you, madam, that the business is not to our liking, or

even to our benefit. For none but an old and most valued client would we have undertaken it. If you think proper we will withdraw, and hand over all information very gladly to our successors."

"To whom can I go? Who will come to my rescue in this wicked, impious, accursed land? If my brother were here, is it possible to doubt what he would do, how he would proceed? He would tear that young man, arm from arm and leg from leg, and lay him in the marketplace, and shoot any one who came to bury him. Listen, Mr. Webber; I live only for one thing,—to find my noble brother, and to see him do that."

The lady stood up, with her eyebrows knitted, her dark eyes glowing, and her white hands thrown apart and quivering, evidently tearing an imaginary Jemmy.

"Let us hope for the best, madam, hope for the best, and pray for the blessing of the Almighty upon our weak endeavours." This was anything but a kind view to take of the dispersion of poor Jemmy; but the lawyer was terrified for the moment by the lady's vehemence. That she who had hitherto always shown such self-command and dignity—he began to fear that there was too much truth in her account of the effect upon her.

Suddenly, as if all her passion had been feigned,—though none who had seen, or even heard her, could believe that possible—she returned to her tranquil, self-possessed, and even cold and distant style. The fire in her eyes, and the fury of her gestures sank and were gone, as if by magic; and the voice became soft and musical, as the sound of a bell across a summer sea. "You will pardon me," she said, as she fell back into the chair from which in her passion she had risen; "but sometimes my trouble is more great than I can bear. Ladies of this country are so delicate and gentle, they cannot have much hatred,

because they have no love. And yet they can have insolence, very strong and very wonderful. Yesterday, or two days ago, I obtained good proof of that. The sister of that man is here, the man who has overwhelmed me thus; and she has written a letter to me, very quiet, very simple, very polite, requesting me to appoint an interview for her in my own house."

—This had been done on Monday, at the suggestion of Frank Gilham that fair means should be exhausted first. —"But after writing thus, she has the insulting to put in under,—something like this, I remember very well —'if you refuse to see me, I shall be compelled to come, without permission.' Reflect upon that, Mr. Webber."

"Madam, it was not the proper thing to say. But ladies are, even when very young, a little,—perhaps a little inclined to do what they are inclined to."

"I sent her letter back, without a word, by the insolent person who brought it. Just in the same manner as her wicked brother's card. It is quite certain that she will never dare to enter into my presence."

"You have made a mistake there, Lady Waldron. Here I am, to thank you for your good manners; and to speak a few truths which you cannot answer."

Christie Fox walked up the room with her eyes fixed steadfastly upon the other's, made a very graceful courtesy, and stood without even a ribbon trembling. She was beautifully dressed in dove-coloured silk, and looked like a dove that has never been fluttered. All this Lady Waldron perceived at a glance; and knew that she had met her equal in a brave young Englishwoman.

Mr. Webber, who longed to be far away, jumped about with some agility, and manœuvred not to turn his back upon either of the ladies, while he fetched a chair for the visitor. But his trouble was lost, for the younger lady declined with a wave of her

hand; while the elder said, "Sir, I will thank you to ring the bell."

"That also is vain," said Miss Fox, calmly. "I will not leave this room, Lady Waldron, until I have told you my opinion of your conduct. The only question is,—do you wish to hear it in the presence of this gentleman, or do you wish me to wait until he is gone?"

To all appearances, the lawyer was by far the most nervous of the three; and he made off for the door, but received a sign to stop.

"It is just as well, perhaps, that you should not be alone," Christie began in a clear firm voice, with her bright eyes flashing, so that the dark Spanish orbs were but as dead coals in comparison, "and that you should not be ashamed; because it proves at least that you are honest in your lunatic conclusions. I am not speaking rudely. The greatest kindness that any one can do you, is to believe that you are mad."

So great was the force of her quiet conviction, that Lady Waldron raised one hand and laid it upon her throbbing temples. For weeks she had been sleepless, and low, and feverish, dwelling on her wrongs in solitude, and estranged from her own daughter.

"Hush, hush, my good young lady!" pleaded the old solicitor; but his client gazed heavily at her accuser, as if she could scarcely apprehend, and Christie thought that she did not care.

"You have done a most wicked thing," Miss Fox continued in a lower tone, "as bad in its way as the great wrong done to you. You have condemned an innocent man, ruined his life to the utmost of your power, and refused to let him even speak for himself. Is that what you call justice?"

"He was not innocent. He was the base miscreant. We have the proof of the man who saw him." Lady Waldron spoke slowly, in a strange dull tone, while her lips scarcely moved, and her hands fell on her lap.

"There is no such proof; the man owns his mistake. My brother can prove that he was miles away. He was called to his father's sick bed that very night, and before daylight he was far upon the road. He never returned till days afterwards. Then he finds this black falsehood, and you for its author!"

"Is there any truth in this?" Lady Waldron turned slightly towards Mr. Webber, as if she were glad to remove her eyes from her visitor's contemptuous and overpowering gaze.

"There may be some, madam. I believe it is true that the blacksmith has changed his opinion, and that Dr. Fox was called suddenly away." The old solicitor was beginning to feel uneasy about his own share in the matter. He had watched Miss Fox intently through his glasses, and long experience in law-courts told him that she thoroughly believed every word she uttered. He was glad that he had been so slow and careful; and resolved to be more so, if possible, henceforth.

"And now if you are not convinced of the great wrong you have done," said Christie coming nearer, and speaking with a soft thrill in her voice, for tears were not far distant, "what have you to say to this? My brother, long before your husband's death, even before the last illness, had given his heart to your daughter Inez. Her father more than suspected that, and was glad to think it likely. Inez also knew it well. All this also I can prove, even to your satisfaction. Is it possible, even if he were a villain—and my brother is a gentleman of as good a family as your own, Lady Waldron—ask yourself, would he offer this dastard outrage to the father of the girl he loved? If you can believe it, you are not a woman; and that would be better for all other women. Oh, it is too cruel, too atrocious, too inhuman! And you are the one who has done it all. Lay this to heart, and that you may think of it, I will leave you to yourself."

Brave as she was, she could not

quite accomplish this. It is a provision of nature that her highest production should be above the rules of inferior reason. When this fair young woman ceased to speak, and having discharged her mission should have walked away in silence,—strange to say, she could do nothing of the kind. As if words had been her spring and motive power, no sooner were they exhausted than she herself broke down entirely. She fell away upon the rejected chair, covered her face with both hands, reckless of new kid gloves just come from Paris, and burst into a storm of tears and sobs.

"You have done it now," cried Mr. Webber; "I thought you would, but you wouldn't be stopped." He began to rush about helplessly, not on account of the poor girl's plight, for he had wife and daughter of his own, and knew that tears are never fatal, but often highly beneficial. "You have done it now; I thought you would." His prophetic powers seemed to console him.

Christie looked up through her dabbled gloves, and saw a sight that frightened her. Lady Waldron had been sitting at a large oak table covered with books and papers,—for the room was chiefly used for business, and not a lady's bower—and there she sat still; but with this change, that she had been living, and now was dead. Dead to all perception of the life and stir around her, dead to all sense of right or wrong, of daylight or of darkness; but living still to the slow sad work that goes on in the body when the mind is gone. Her head lay back on the stout oak rail; her comely face showed no more life than granite has or marble; and her widow's hood dropped off, and shed the coils of her long black hair around.

"I can't make it out," cried Mr. Webber, hurrying to the bell-rope, which he pulled to such purpose that the staple of the crank fell from the ceiling and knocked him on the head. But Christie, recovering at a glance, ran round the end of the table, and

with all her strength supported the tottering figure. What she did afterwards, she never knew, except from the accounts of others; for she was too young to have presence of mind when every one else was distracted. But from all that they said (and they were all against her) she must have shown readiness, and strength, and judgment, and taken Mr. Webber under her command.

One thing she remembered, because it was so bitter and so frightfully unjust; and if there was anything she valued,—next to love and truth and honour, most of which are parts of it, Christie valued simple justice and impartiality. To wit (as Mr. Webber might have put it) when she ran out to find Mr. Gilham, who had been left there only because he did not choose to go away, and she only went to find him that he might run for Dr. Gronow, — there was her brother standing with him, and words less friendly than usual were, as it seemed to her, passing between them. "No time for this sort of thing now," she said, as well as her flurried condition would permit; and then she pulled her brother in, and sent Frank, who was wonderfully calm and reasonable, to fetch that other doctor too. Her brother was not in a nice frame of mind, according to her recollection; and there was no time to reason with him if he chose to be so stupid. Therefore she sent him where he was wanted; and of course no doctor could refuse to go in such frightful circumstances. But as for herself, she felt as if it mattered very little what she did; and so she went and sat somewhere in the dark, without even a dog for company, and finished with many pathetic addenda the good cry that had been broken off.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### A MAGIC LETTER.

"OH, here you are at last then, are you?" said somebody entering the room with a light, by the time the



young lady had wept herself dry and was beginning to feel hungry. "What made you come here? I thought you were gone. To me it is a surprising thing that you have the assurance to stay in this house."

"Oh, Jemmy, how can you be so cruel, when every bit of it was for you!"

"For me indeed! I am very much obliged. For your own temper, I should say. Old Webber says that if she dies, there may be a verdict of manslaughter."

"I don't care two pins if there is, when all the world is so unjust to me. But how is she, Jemmy? What has happened to her? What on earth is it all about?"

"Well, I think you ought to know that best. Webber says he never heard any one like you, in all his experience of criminal courts."

"Much I care what he says,—the old dodderer! You should have seen him hopping about the room, like a frog with the rheumatism. You should have seen him stare, when the bell-rope fell. When I said the poor thing's hands were cold, he ran and poked the fire with his spectacles. But can't you tell me how she is? Surely I have a right to know, if I am to be manslaughtered."

"Well," replied Dr. Fox, with that heavy professional nod which he ridiculed in others, "she is in a very peculiar state. No one can tell what may come of it."

"Not a fit, Jemmy? Not like dear father's; not a mild form of—no, it seemed quite different."

"It is a different thing altogether, though proceeding probably from the brain. An attack of what we call catalepsy. Not at all a common thing, and quite out of my own experience, though I know of it from the books a little. Gronow knew it, of course, at a glance. Fortunately I had sense enough not to try any strong measures till he came. Any other young fellow in this part of the world would have tried venesection

instantly, and it might have killed her. My treatment happened to be quite right, from my acquaintance with principles. It is nothing less than a case of entirely suspended animation. How long it may last none can foretell."

"But you don't think it will kill her, Jemmy? Why, my animation was suspended ever so long the other day——"

"That was quite a different thing. This proceeds from internal action, overpowering emotion in a very anemic condition; yours was simply external concussion, operating on a rather highly charged——"

"You are very polite. My own fault in fact. Who gave me the horse to drive about? But surely if a disordered brain like mine contrives to get right again——"

"Christie, I wish to do you good. You have brought me into a frightful mess because you are so headlong. But you meant it for the best, I know, and I must not be too hard upon you."

"What else have you been for the last five minutes? Oh, Jemmy, Jemmy, I am so sorry! Give me a kiss, and I will forgive you."

"You are a very quick, warm-hearted girl; and such have never too much reason."

The doctor kissed his sister in a most magnanimous manner; and she believed implicitly (until the next time of argument) that she had done the injury and her brother sweetly borne it.

"Now come, while it is hot," said he; "get your courage up, and come. Never let a wound grow cold. Between you two there must be no ill-will; and she is so noble."

"Oh, indeed! Who is it, then? It is so good, and so elevating, to be brought into contact with those wonderfully lofty people."

"It is exactly what you want. If you can only obtain her friendship, it will be the making of your character."

"For goodness' sake don't lose a

moment. I feel myself already growing better, nobler, loftier."

"There is nothing in you grave and stable, none of the stronger elements," said the doctor, as he led the way along an empty passage.

"Don't you be too sure of that," his sister answered, in a tone which he remembered afterwards.

Lady Waldron lay on a broad and solid sofa, well prepared for her; and there was no sign left of life or movement in her helpless figure. She was not at all like recumbent marble (which is the ghost of death itself), neither was she stiff nor straight; but simply still, and in such a condition that however any part of her frame might be placed, so it would remain, submissive only to the laws of gravitation, and to no exercise of will, if will were yet surviving. The face was as pale as death; the eyes half open but without expression; the breathing scarcely perceptible; and the pulse like the flutter of eider down, or gossamer in a sheltered spot. There was nothing ghastly, repulsive, or even greatly distressing at first sight; for the fine, and almost perfect, face had recovered in placid abandonment the beauty impaired by grief and passion. And yet the dim uncertainty, the hovering between life and death, the touching frailty of human power over-tried and vanquished, might move the bitterest foe to tears and waken the compassion planted in all human hearts by Heaven.

Christie was no bitter foe, but a kind, impulsive, generous maiden, rushing at all hazards to defend the right, ready to bite the dust when in the wrong, if properly convinced of it. Jemmy stepped back, and spread forth his hand more dramatically than was needed, as much as to say—"See what you have done! Never forget this, while you live. I leave you to self-abasement." The sensitive and impetuous girl required no such admonishment. She fell on her knees, and took one cold hand, while her face turned as pale as the one she watched.

The pity of the sight became more vivid, deep, and overpowering; and she whispered her little bedside prayer, for that was the only one she recalled. Then she followed it up with confession. "I know what ought to be done to me. I ought to be taken by the neck—no, that's not right—I ought to be taken to the place of execution, and there hanged by the neck, till I am dead, dead, dead."

All this she may have deserved, but what she got was very different.

Around her bended neck was flung no hangman's noose, but a gentle arm, the softest and loveliest ever felt, while dark eyes glistened into her own, and seeming to be encouraged there, came closer through a clustering bower; and in less time than it takes to tell, two fair young faces touched each other, and two quick but heavy hearts were throbbing very close together.

"It is more my fault than yours," said Nicie, leading the way to another room, when a few soft words of comfort and good-will had passed. "I am the one who has done all this; and Dr. Gronow says so, or at least he would, if he said what he thinks. It was the low condition caused by long and lonely thinking, and the want of sufficient food and air, and the sense of having no one, not even me."

"But that was her fault." She discouraged you; she showed no affection for you; she was even very angry with you; because you dared to think differently, because you had noble faith and trust."

"For that I deserve no credit, because I could not help it. But I might have been kinder to her, Christie; I might have shown less pride and temper. I might have said to myself more often, 'She is sadly shattered, and she is my mother.' It will teach me how to behave another time. For if she does not get well, and forgive me, I shall never forgive myself. I must have forgotten how much easier it is to be too hard than to be too soft."

"Probably you never thought about it," said Christie, who knew a great deal about what were then called "the mental processes," now gone into much bigger names, but the same nut in a harder shell. "You acted according to your sense of right; and that meant what you felt was right; and that came round to mean—Jemmy."

Nicie, who never examined her mind (perhaps the best thing to be done with it), was not quite satisfied with this abruptly concrete view of the issue. "Perhaps I did," she said and sighed, because everything felt so cloudy.

"Whatever you did, you are a darling," said the more experienced one. "There is a lot of trouble before us both. Never mind, if we only stick together. Poor Jemmy believes that he is a wonder. Between us, we will fetch him down."

Nicie could perceive no call for that, being as yet of less practical turn. She was of that admirable, and too rare and yearly diminishing, type of women who see and feel that Heaven meant them not to contend with and outdo, but to comfort, purify, and ennoble that stronger, coarser, and harder half called men.

"I think that he wants fetching up," she said, with very graceful timidity; "but his sister must know best, of course. Is it right to talk of such things now?"

"Decidedly not," Miss Fox replied. "In fact it is downright wicked. But somehow or other, I always go astray. Whenever I am out of sorts with myself, I take a turn at other people. But how many turns must I have at others, before I get my balance now! Did you ever see anything so sad? But how very beautiful she is! I never noticed it this afternoon, because I was in such a rage, I suppose. How long is she likely to remain like this?"

"Dr. Gronow cannot say. He has known one case which lasted for a month. But then there was no con-

sciousness at all. He thinks that there is a little now; but we can perceive no sign of it."

"Well, I think I did. I am almost sure I did," Christie answered eagerly. "When I said, 'dead, dead, dead,' in that judicial manner, there came a little gleam of light into her eyes as if she approved of the sentence. And again when you called me your sister, there seemed to be a sparkle of astonishment, as if she thought you were in too much of a hurry; and perhaps you were, my darling. Oh what a good judge Jemmy is! No wonder he is getting so conceited."

"If there is any consciousness at all," said Nicie, avoiding that other subject, "this trance (if that is the English word for it) will not last long, at least Dr. Gronow says so; and Dr. Jemmy (what a name for a gentleman of science!) thoroughly confirms it. But Dr. Fox is so diffident and modest, that he seems to wait for his friend's opinion; though he must know more, being younger."

"Certainly he ought," Miss Fox replied, with a twinkle of dubious import; "I hear a great deal of such things. No medical man is ever at his prime, unless it is at thirty-nine years and a half. Under forty he can have no experience, according to the general public; and over forty he is on the shelf, according to his own profession. For that one year they ought to treble all their fees."

"That would only be fair; for they always charge too little."

"You are an innocent duck," said Christie. "There is a spot on your cheek that I must kiss; because it always comes when you hear the name of Jemmy. Abstract affection for unknown science! Oh, do have a try at Dr. Gronow. He knows fifty times as much as poor Jemmy."

"But he doesn't know how to please me," replied Nicie; "and I suppose that ought to count for something, after all. I must go and tell him what you thought you saw. That is his step in the passage now;

and he ordered us to watch for any symptoms of that sort. Oh, what will he think of me for leaving nurse alone! Good night, dear Christie; I shall come away no more. But Binstock, our great man, is come back. He will attend to you, and see that you don't go home starving, or by yourself."

"Positive statements suit young men," Dr. Gronow declared, as he buttoned up his coat about an hour afterwards; "and so does sitting up all night. Fox, you had better act up to that. But I shall just see your sister safe as far as the hospitable White Post, and then I shall go home to my supper. There is not the slightest danger now, but constant attention is needful, in case of sudden revival. That I do not at all expect; but you know what to do if it happens. The third day will be the most likely time; and then any pleasing excitement, or attraction—but I shall be here, and see to that."

"Oh, Dr. Gronow," exclaimed Miss Fox, as she fastened her cloak to go with him, "how I wish I had been born a little sooner, to see you more positive than you are now!"

"Miss Fox, it is a happy thing for me that I anticipated all such views; young ladies, I meant of course—and not young men. Yet alas! the young ladies are too negative."

On the third day from Lady Waldron's seizure, the postman of the name of Walker, finding not even a mushroom left to retard the mail-delivery, and having a cold north wind at his back, brought to the house soon after noon a very large letter, marked "*Ship despatch—two shillings and tenpence to pay*," and addressed to Lady Waldron.

"It must be from dear Tom," pronounced Nicie; "we have not heard from him since he sailed for India. There is no other person in the world capable of such a frightful scrawl."

"Why, this is the very thing we want," said Gronow, who was present according to promise; "large, con-

spicuous, self-assertive. Let somebody fetch me a green flower-stick."

Slitting one end of the stick, he inserted the lower edge of the letter, and fixed it upright in the scroll-work at the bottom of the couch. Then he drew the curtain back, and a slant of cheerful sunshine broke upon the thick bold writing. But the figure on the couch lay still, without a sign of interest, cold, rigid, and insensible. "I'll keep out of sight," the doctor whispered, "and let no one say a word. But presently when I hold my hand up, let Miss Nicie strike a few notes, not too rapidly, on her guitar,—some well-known Spanish melody." Gliding round the back of the couch, with a very gentle touch he raised the unconscious lady's head, and propped it with a large firm pillow, so that the dim half-open eyes were level with and set point-blank upon the shining letter. Securing it so, he withdrew a little, and held up his hand to Nicie. She, upon a low chair further off, touched the strings of her mother's own, and in younger days much loved, guitar; gently at first, like a distant ripple; then with a strong bold swell arising into a grand melodious strain,—the *March of Andalusia*. All present held their breath to watch, and saw a strange and moving sight.

The Spanish lady's eyes began to fill with soft and quivering light, like a lake when the moon is rising; the fringe of their dark lashes rose; a little smile played on her lips, and touched them with a living tint; then all the brilliance of her gaze flashed forth and fastened on that letter. She lifted both her trembling hands, and the letter was put into them. Her face was light with vivid joy, and her lips pronounced, "My son, my son!" Then wanting nothing more, she drew the precious token to her breast, concealed it there, and sank into profound, and tranquil, and sweet sleep.

"She will be all right when she awakes, and then she will want a lot

of food," said Dr. Gronow with a quiet grin, while Nicie and Chris wept tears of joy, and Dr. Fox and the nurse looked queer. "Mind, she can't live on her son's letter. Beef-tea, arrowroot, and port-wine, leg of mutton gravy, and neat's foot jelly—finer than the sweetest sweetheart's letters, let alone a boy who writes with the stump of a cigar. Ladies and gentlemen, my job is over; what a blessing Penniloe is gone to London! We should have had a prayer-meeting every day. Miss Fox, I think I shall call you Christie, because you are so unChristian."

"You may call me anything you like,—that is, so long as it is something you do like. I shall almost begin to have faith in doctors now, in spite of poor Jemmy being one."

"Jemmy, you had better throw up the trade. Your sister understands it best. The hardest work, and the hardest paid—however I go a trout-fishing, ere ever the river freezes."

The wind was very cold, and everybody there shivered at the shudders he would have to undergo, as they saw him set forth with an eager step. He waved his hand back from a turn of the walk which reminded him of the river, and his shoulders went up as if he had a trout on hook.

"He is happy; let him be," said the percipient Christie. "He won't catch anything in fact, but the miraculous draught in fancy."

"He ought to be pitched in," replied her brother, who was put out about something, possibly the fingering of the second fiddle; "the least that can be done to him is to pitch him in, for trying to catch trout in December. Pike had vowed to do it; but those fellows are gone home, Hopper and all, just when the world was most in want of them. Christie, you will just come back with me to the Old Barn."

"Why does Dr. Gronow address nearly all his very excellent remarks to me? And why does he always look at me when he speaks?"

"Because you are so pretty, dear; and because you catch his meaning

first. They like that sort of thing," said Nicie.

"For looks I am nowhere with Nicie present. But he sees advanced intelligence in me; and he comes from where they appreciate it. I shall go back to Old Barn, just when I think right."

"We are coming to something!" cried Doctor Jemmy, who looked pleasantly, but loftily, at all the female race,—save Nicie, who was saved perhaps till two months after marriage. "Stay, if you like, where you are appreciated so highly, so very highly."

Christie's face became red as a rose, for really this was too bad on his part, and after all she had done for him, as witnessed those present. "They like me," she said in an off-handed manner; "and I like them,—which is more than one can do to everybody. But it makes very little difference, I am afraid, for I shall never see them any more, unless they come to Foxden. I had made up my mind to go home the moment Lady Waldron was out of danger. I did not come here to please myself, and this is all I get for it. Good-bye to fair Perlycross to-morrow! One must not neglect one's dear father and mother, even for,—even for such a dear as Nicie."

"Well, I never knew what it was to be out of temper." There was much truth in this assertion, though it seems a large one; for Jemmy Fox had a remarkably sweet temper, and a man who takes stock of himself, when short of that article, has already almost replaced it. "But how will you go, my dear little Cayenne pepper! Will you pack up all your grandeur, and have a coach and four?"

"Yes, that I will," answered Christie quick as light, "though it won't cost me quite as much as the one I hired when I came post-haste to your rescue. The name of my coach is *The Defiance*; and the guard shall play *Roast Beef* all the way, in honour of the coming Christmas-time. Won't we have a fine time at Foxden, if father is in good health again!"

Jemmy wisely left her to her own devices, for she generally "took the change out of him," and consoled himself with soft contemplation of a lovelier, nicer, and (so far as he knew yet) ten thousand times sweeter-tempered girl whose name was Nicie Waldron.

Now that sweet creature had a worry of her own, though she did not afflict the public with it. She was dying with anxiety, all the time, to know the contents of her brother Tom's letter which had so enlivened her dear mother. It is said that the only thing the all-wise Solomon could not explain to the Queen of Sheba was the process of her own mind, or rather perhaps the leaps of it, which landed her in conclusions quite correct, yet unsupported even by the shadow of an enthymem. Miss Waldron was not so clever as the Queen of Sheba, or even as Miss Christie Fox; yet she had arrived at a firm conviction that the one who was destined to solve the sad and torturing question about her dear father, was no other than her brother, Tom Rodrigo. She had observed that his letter bore no token of the family bereavement, neither was that to be expected yet, although six weeks had now elapsed since the date of their sore distress. Envelopes were not as yet in common use, and a letter was a cumbrous and clumsy-looking thing, one of the many reasons being that a writer was bound by economy, and very often by courtesy as well, to fill three great pages before he began to double in. This naturally led to a vast sprawl of words, for the most part containing very little; and "What shall I say next?" was the constant inquiry of even the most loving correspondent. Nicie knew well that her brother was not gifted with the pen of a ready writer, and that all his heart indited of was, "What shall I put, to get done with it?" This increased the value of his letters (by means of their rarity) and also their interest, according to the canon that plenty of range should be allowed for the reader's imagination. But now

even too much range was left for that of the affectionate and poetic maiden, inasmuch as her mother lay asleep for hours with this fine communication to support her heart. There was nothing for Nicie to do, except to go to sleep patiently on her own account, and that she did in her own white bed, and saw a fair vision through tears of joy.

Behold, she was standing at the door, the sacred portal of Walderscourt, gazing at trees that were full of singing birds, with her milk-white pony cropping clover honey-sweet, and Pixie teetotumling after his own tail. All the air was blossoming with dance of butterflies, and all the earth was laughing at the flatteries of the sun. And behold a very tall form arose from beyond the weeping willow, leading a form yet taller, and looking back for fear of losing it. Then a loud voice shouted, and it was brother Tom's: "Here he is at last! No mistake about it. I have found the Governor—hurrah, hurrah!" The maiden sprang up with a bounding heart, to embrace her darling father. But alas! there was nothing, except the cold moon and a pure virgin bosom that glistened with tears.

When Tom's letter came to the reading at last, there were plenty of blots in it and brown sand, but not a blessed bit of poetry. The youth had been at Eton, and exhausted there all the tendency of his mind towards metre. Even now people, who ought to know better, ask why poetry will not go down with the tall, and imaginative, and romantic public. It must be from the absence of the spark divine among them. Nay rather because ere they could spell, their flint was fixed for life with the "fire" used up by classic hammer. Of these things the present Sir Thomas Rodrigo Waldron had neither thought nor heed. For him it was enough to be released; and the less he saw of book and pen for the rest of his natural life, the better for the book, the pen, and him. So that on the whole he



deserved much credit, and obtained even more (from his mother) as the author of the following fine piece of correspondence. Though all the best bits were adapted from a book, entitled *The young man's polite letter-writer, to his parents, sisters, sweethearts, friends, and the Minister of his native parish, etc., etc.—also when applying for increase of wages.*

Valetta, in the Island of Malta, Mediterranean Sea, etc. November the 5th, also Guy Fawkes' Day, A.D. 1835.

MY BELOVED AND RESPECTED MOTHER,—I take up my pen with mingled feelings of affection and regret. The bangs ("Oh, he ought to say 'pangs,'" thought Niece, as her mother read it on most gravely), which I have suffered, and am suffering still, arise from various sources. Affection, because of your unceasing and unmerited parental goodness; regret, because absence in a foreign land enhances by a hundred fold the value of all those lost endearments. I hope that you will think of me, whenever you sit on the old bench by the door and behold the sun setting in the east.

"It is very beautiful," said Lady Waldron, animated by a cup of strong beef-tea; "but Rodrigo was so hard to kiss. Very often, I have knocked my head,—but he is competent to feel it in his own head now."

"Mother, there is no bench by the door. And how can the sun set in the east? Oh, I see it was 'west,' and he has scratched it out, because of his being in the east himself."

"That means the same thing," replied Lady Waldron. "Inez, if you intend to find fault with your dear brother's letter about such trifles, you deserve to hear no more of it."

"Mother, as if it made any difference where the sun sets, so long as he can see it!"

"He always had large thoughts," reflected his mother; "he is not of this cold geography. Harken how beautifully he proceeds to write—"

But it is vain to indulge these contemplations. Thanks to your careful tuition, and the lofty example set before me, I

trust that I shall never be found wanting in my duty to the country that gave me birth. Unfortunately in these foreign parts the price of every article is excessive; and although I am guided, as you are well aware, by the strictest principles of economy, my remembrance of what is due to you, and the position of a highly respected family, have in some degree necessitated an anticipation of resources. Feeling assured of your sympathy, and that it will assume a practical form by return of post, I venture to state for your guidance that the house of Plumper, Wiggins, and Golightly in this city have been advised, and have consented to receive on my behalf a remittance of £120, which will, I trust, appear a very reasonable sum.

"Mother, dear mother, let me go on," cried Niece, as the letter dropped from her mother's hand; "the pleasure and excitement have been too much for you, although the style is so excellent."

"It is not the style; but my breath has been surprised, by—by the expressions of that last sentence. The sum that I myself placed to his credit, out of my bonds of the City of Corduba, was in addition, and without his father's knowledge—but no doubt he will give explanation more further down, though the writing appears now to become of a different kind, shorter and less polished. But why is he in Malta, when the ship sailed for Bombay? Oh, I am terrified there will be some war. The English can never stay without fighting very long. And behold his letter seems to go into three pieces! See now, it is quite crooked, Inez, and of less correction. Nevertheless I approve more of it so. Listen again, child:

I was almost forgetting to say that we were mett before we had got very far on our way by a Despatch Vessel bringing urgent orders for all of the Draught to be sent to this place, which is not half so hot as the other place would be, and much more convenient, and healthy but too white. But it does make the money fly, and they are a jolley sett. I have long been wanting to write home, but waited untill there was some news to tell, and we

could tell where we are going next. But we shall have to stay here for some time, because most of our things were sent to West Indies, and the other part went on to East India. It will all be for the best because so strong a change of climate will be almost certain to destroy the moths. I have bought three dogs. There is a new sort here, very clever, and can almost speak. I hope all the dogs at home are well. I miss the shooting very much, and there are no horses in the Mediterranean big enough to carry me. Now I must conclude with best love and duty to the Governor and you, and Niece, and old nurse Sweetland, and anybody else who inquires for remaining your affectionate and dutiful Son, TOM R. WALDRON.

P.S.—Your kind letter of Aug. 30th just come. They must be very clever to have found us here. I am dreadfully cut up to hear dear Governor not at all well when you wrote. Shall hope for better news every day. There is a Greek gentleman here with a pill warranted to cure everything yet discovered. They are as large as yellow slugs, and just the same shape. He will let me have 10 for my amethyst studs which are no good to me. Shall try to send them by the next ship

that goes home. Do write at once, because I never heard before of anything wrong with dear Governor.—T. R. W.

"Poor darling!" said his mother with tears in her eyes, while Niece was sobbing quietly. "By this time he may be aware of it perhaps, though not of the dreadful thing that happened since. It will not be for his happiness that he should ever know. Remember that, Inez. He is of so much vigour and high blood of the best Andalusian, that he would become insane, and perhaps do himself deep injury. He would cast away his office,—what you call the commission,—and come back to this country, and be put in prison for not accepting quietly the sacrilegious laws."

"Mother, you have promised never to speak of that subject. If it is too much for poor Tom, what is it likely to be for us! All we can do is to leave it to God."

"There is not the same God in this country as we have. If there was, He would never endure it."

*(To be continued.)*

## THREE HUMOURISTS.

HOOK, BARHAM, MAGINN.

AMONG writers of the second or lower classes there are few who hold their places in such a precarious fashion as the humourists. Their brethren of the first class occupy perhaps the surest position of all. More than two thousand years have failed to lessen in the very slightest degree the laughter-moving powers of Aristophanes, and nearly two thousand have not affected those of Lucian. But it may be that even the greatest, at shorter distances and intervals from their own time, are in danger of temporary eclipses; and all but the greatest are in danger of eclipses which are only too likely to be more than temporary.

On two, at least, of the three jesters whose names are written above the curse has certainly come; and I have been told, though I hope it is not true, that even *The Ingoldsby Legends* have fallen somewhat from the pride of place which they held so long. It may be all the more interesting to survey them in trine, a conjunction to which they lend themselves with unusual ease. They were all contemporaries in life and still more in literature; they all pursued a peculiar kind of humorous writing to which the institution, new in their day, of the lighter kind of periodical literature gave opportunities impossible before their date. All of them were distinctly convivial and not like their other contemporary, Hood, retiring and domestic in habits though rollicking with the pen. Two of them were Bohemians in the fullest sense of the word. Two of them, but not the same two, were no mean scholars. All had that natural and rarely absent temperament of the humourist which makes him sometimes a staunch and pronounced Tory, and almost always an opponent of innova-

tions in Church, in State, in manners, and in literature. All wrote a peculiar kind of easy verse with extraordinary facility, and two, at least, could sometimes drop, or rather rise, into something not merely facile.

When the tale is of three men in one tub, biographical particulars must necessarily be given as sparingly as possible. Indeed no one of the three lives was in the ordinary sense eventful; and a few dates and facts will be all that is necessary to place them conveniently. Theodore Hook was born in London, on September 22nd, 1788, of a musical and theatrical family which, in the person of his elder brother and still more in that of his nephew, raised itself to high consideration in the Church. Theodore was sent to Harrow and to Oxford, but, as his official biographer says, "threw himself into the arms of the Muse," which would not, to an earlier generation, have conveyed the sense of "left the University with no degree and for no profession." Attracting the notice of the Regent by his convivial gifts he was appointed (in 1813) to a valuable place at Mauritius, in which he had Moore's ill-luck with, it would seem, much less excuse beforehand than Moore's, and with very different consequences. Indeed conduct, as Mr. Arnold would have said, was never even a hundredth part of Hook's life. Although when he came home (in 1818) his baser and nobler gifts both brought him plenty of patronage and plenty of money, he never made any serious attempt to liquidate or compound his obligations to the Treasury, and at his comparatively early death (in 1840) his omission to marry the mother of his children caused everything that his family might

have had left to them to be swept away. He had filled the interval with journalism of immense vivacity and not a little scurrility, with popular novel-writing, and with the fabrication of a vast amount of more or less impromptu matter of the amusing kind most, if not all, of which has necessarily perished.

The next person on our list, Barham, is one of the best known witnesses to the brilliancy of Hook's apparent or real improvisations in the way of dining-room and drawing room entertainment, he himself being singer, player, and extempore librettist. But the testimony to this is unanimous; and the gift made him till his spirits flagged a welcome guest in rich men's houses. Then the end came, and there was nothing left of poor Mr. Wagg but his batch of printed jestings, the rapidly fading memory of his conversational and entertaining powers, a disapproval of his life which was not limited to Mrs. Grundy, and one masterly piece of friendly but truthful criticism, Lockhart's article written for the *Quarterly Review*, and afterwards more than once reprinted alone.

Not so very different, though with fewer chances than Hook's, is the tale of the life of "bright broken Maginn," as the same Lockhart, this time in a rhyming epitaph almost unmatched for humorous pathos, described him — of the Doctor of *Fraser's*, the Ensign of *Blackwood's*, the part-originator at least of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, the part-original of Captain Shandon, the staunchest of Tories, one of the best of fellows (for, like Lockhart, "I ne'er heard of a sin" of an odious type, except in some rather unkindly insinuations made long years after by S. C. Hall) and alas! the most improvident of men. He was born in Cork a hundred years ago, was thoroughly educated by his father, a schoolmaster, and at Trinity College, Dublin, and for some time followed his father's vocation. But *Blackwood's Magazine* came into being, and Maginn seems to have

gravitated to it much after the fashion described in the verses to Sterne's friend Stevenson,

How many wise ones for thy sake  
Have flown to thee and left off plodding!

Certainly Maginn was not an idle man even after this, nor did he immediately give up keeping school; but from about the middle of 1820, when he paid a visit to Edinburgh, his heart was in the lighter journalism and the Bohemianism which then accompanied it as a matter almost of course. He soon went to London; was introduced to Hook among editors, and Murray among publishers; took a hand in the *John Bull* and the *Representative* and the *Standard* (if not also in the *Age* and other downright blackguardly prints); quarrelled with Blackwood; set up *Fraser*; enraged and fought with Grantley Berkeley; translated Homer into ballads; received five hundred pounds from Thackeray; knew debts and duns and the Fleet; was more than once befriended by Peel, who whatever faults he may have had was good to men of letters; and died of consumption at Walton-on-Thames on August 21st, 1842.

The contrast between these two lives, unfortunate at the best and at the worst not easily to be defended from unkind adjectives, and that of the third, which is placed between them, is, as our fathers would have said, "odd and pretty," and withal very English. Neither Hook nor Maginn had, it is true, Barham's advantages to start with; but it is equally true that both were put in tolerably straight roads and chose to fall out of them. Richard Harris Barham, though as thorough a humourist as either of them and of anything but an unsociable or uncongenial disposition, found his feet set on the King's highway from the first and never seems to have been tempted to stray out of it. Whether the Barhams were really descended from Reginald Fitzurse and the Irish Macmahons I do not know; the

author of *The Ingoldsby Legends* is perhaps not the man from whom one would accept an unproved pedigree with implicit and childlike faith. But they were certainly a good Kentish family, and Tapton (the elongation to Tappington) was an authentic manor-house. Barham himself, however, was not born there, but at Canterbury on December 6th, 1788; his father, a stout and cheerful person but a little of a spendthrift, making amends by dying and leaving his son to a minority of fourteen or fifteen years. This he spent at St. Paul's School and Brasenose College, meeting at Oxford Theodore Hook, who for a short time was an undergraduate at St. Mary's Hall. It would appear that Barham himself was a little volatile. A severe illness, however, sobered him; he took orders, married pretty early, and was presented to a living in Romney Marsh, the headquarters of smuggling. Hence in 1821 he was transferred to a minor canonry at St. Paul's, and from this time forward lived chiefly in London. His career was one of unostentatious, but real, work in his profession, varied by the writing of some novels (whereof the chief is *My Cousin Nicholas*) and of the famous verses by which he is still known. He died in 1845, the same year which was fatal to Sydney Smith, his friend and superior in the Pauline Hierarchy.

And so we turn from the lives of these men to their works.

To one who begins the reading of Theodore Hook's novels for the first time, or with only a dim and distant remembrance of *Gilbert Gurney* and one or two more of the best, read at an easily amused period of youth, I should judge from my own experience that a certain thing is like to happen. He will remember how when Pen came to London Mr. Doolan informed him that Mr. Wagg got "three hundred pound" for every volume of these novels, and how Arthur at once began to calculate whether he himself might not, on the same terms, make an

income of about five thousand a year. To tell the truth it is almost, if not quite, impossible to rank most of these productions high from any point of view. The carelessness and slovenliness of the mere writing sometimes very nearly take away the breath even of a reviewer of novels in the present day. The matter is often not much better than the form; and when one remembers the flattering impromptu of Barham,

Says I, "Gadzooks!

That's Theodore Hook's,

Whose Sayings and Doings make such pretty books,"

and that this represents a general opinion of our fathers, who were not fools, the thing becomes exceedingly surprising. For clumsy sentences and slovenly constructions are not the only things to quarrel with. A more good-natured, a wider, and a less technical criticism will find endless faults and, perhaps, not very many merits. Take for instance these very *Sayings and Doings*. The three series of them contain ten stories of varying lengths: *Danvers, The Friend of the Family, Merton, Martha the Gipsy, The Sutherlands, The Man of Many Friends, Doubts and Fears, Passion and Principle, Cousin William, and Gervase Skinner*. Of these I do not believe that at any time during the last forty years any one, except possibly *The Sutherlands* and certainly *Gervase Skinner*, would have had the slightest chance of ranking as of even third-rate merit. Some of them are so bad as to make detailed criticism useless if not disgusting. Only *Gervase Skinner* seems to me readable now-a-days with genuine amusement right through. Even here there is a good deal of that mixture of simple exaggeration and of caricature which is called in French *charge*, and which is Hook's main resource. Gervase is a country squire who is economical "on principle," a fully middle-aged bachelor whose pre-contract to a young and pretty girl does not prevent him from aspiring to

illicit joys, and a country bumpkin who tries to be knowing and see life. The devices by which he is fleeced, tormented, and almost ruined are scantily probable at times. But still the thing is amusing, and it is salted and spiced all through by Hook's ingenious use of his unquestioned familiarity with theatrical things and theatrical people. The Fuggleston couple,—the wife an adventuress and a baggage, the husband full enough of apparent *bonhomie* but one of those particularly ugly persons for whom modern English has no name—are alive, hit off once for all, and added to the permanent strength of the establishment of the army of Fiction. Here, too, that peculiar kind of interest to which I have alluded above comes in very strongly. I feel that I owe an apology to the blameless and peerless Emily Fotheringay if I say that I do not think she would have been precisely what she is if Amelrosa Fuggleston, who was not at all blameless and only appeared peerless to a bumpkin Lothario, had not preceded her. In the same way Kekewich, the manager, stammers the language of no less a person than Mr. Jingle who, both for professional and chronological reasons, may quite probably have learnt it of him. This is to me at least high praise, and a strong attraction. But of other attractions I must confess these *Sayings and Doings* seem to provide but a scanty and fragmentary banquet.

Nor are the other books much more remunerative. There is no doubt that tradition, rather than positive acquaintance, is right in holding *Gilbert Gurney* for the best of them. It is, if not a specially amiable or estimable, a sufficiently bright and cheerful example of the fiction of high jinks and high spirits,—of, as Hook's great follower has it, the "British brandy and water" school of jollity. The things by which it is best, if not solely remembered,—the hoaxes of Daly, the mistaking of Gilbert for the Prince of Orange, the portrait of Tom Hill, and so forth,—

are still amusing with a little good will. But even these are rather thin; and when they are left out of consideration the interest of the book is reduced almost to zero. There is scarcely any plot; the hero, though not a bad fellow, is a colourless nincompoop; the female characters (with the exception perhaps of Mrs. Fletcher Green) have, in a less libellous sense than Pope's, no character all; and the narrative jerks or joints itself along in unconnected fyttes which might nearly, if not quite, as well be presented separately as short stories. Faulty as it is, however, it is at any rate better than *Gurney Married* or than *Jack Brag*. *Maxwell* has attracted most attention from the portrait sketch of Godfrey Moss, which is known to be almost a photograph of George the Fourth's unlucky led-parson Cannon, and the picture is certainly at first vivid if rather disgusting. But Moss has very little to do with the story, and his mannerisms become after a time as tiresome as they are irrelevant. All the rest exhibit the same faults with perhaps fewer merits. Pictures of manners so stale and faded that it is impossible not to suspect the drawing of having been at first but superficial; characters lacking in the universal traits which alone give vitality; careless writing; construction which is often no construction at all,—meet one at every turn of leaf, at every change of volume, and even when the laughter does provoke an echo,

Its voice is thin as voices from the grave.

With the best good will the reader is foiled; and he shuts the last book, agreeing more heartily than ever with the aforesaid Mr. Pendennis, when he thought, even forty years ago, that these works were "not exactly masterpieces of the human intellect."

Are we then to conclude that our fathers were fools? That is about the last conclusion which I, for one, will ever willingly accept. Indeed the



answer which makes such a conclusion quite unnecessary was practically given,—almost when Mr. Pendennis spoke, and in reply to him—by Lockhart, whose critical dicta are never to be lightly passed over, and may often, as here, be extended and inferred from with advantage. In a note on his biographical essay on Hook when it was reprinted, the critic draws special attention to the rise of Thackeray as qualifying certain remarks which he had made on the merits of Hook's novels. The fact is that during the twenties and thirties, the years of Hook's fame and fortune, the country was very badly off for novelists, and especially for novelists of modern and contemporary life. Nearly all Scott's best were written, and Miss Austen had ceased to write when Hook began; Dickens had but just appeared, and Bulwer not long, when Hook died. Scott's line was different: Miss Austen had made no school; and though novels were being written in ever increasing numbers their writers were for the most part all abroad in the novel proper. They could not get out of the tradition of Fielding and Smollett, itself a survival of the picaresque romance. Although the life of their heroes and heroines was supposed to be modern and actual, it had to be spiced with adventures, and adjusted to a sort of Odyssey, comic or tragic as the case might be, watered with the tears of sensibility or roused by the guffaws of broad farce. Except Miss Austen, nobody had yet dared with conspicuous genius and success to depict purely ordinary life. Hook, for all his talent, all his facility, all his experience of the world, was certainly not the man to strike out the new line. It is perfectly obvious, not merely from his carelessness of style and story, but from consideration of the life he led, that he must almost always have written in a scrambling hurry. He was in fact a born improvisatore, and I should imagine that the *Sayings and Doings* (which

brought him even more than the sum named by Mr. Doolan, inasmuch as for one of the series he is said to have received two thousand pounds) cost him very little more labour or, in proportion, more time than the famous impromptu comediettas which he used to throw off at rich men's dinners by way of payment for the claret and retainer for a further invitation.

Nor was he by any means a man of such commanding genius that he could dispense with labour; though he had a certain amount of wit at will, a command of rather theatrical pathos, unlimited bustle and rattle, and sufficient familiarity with those whom the middle classes of his day called "high fellows" to dazzle the said middle classes with titles and scraps of "silver fork" detail. It is also probable that his manners are truer to those of his time than we, to whom that time is only a tradition, quite know. In the very greatest works the essentially and eternally human is so married to the ephemeral that it makes that eternal too, and we have no difficulty in appreciating it for all its deadness. But the smaller men cannot fix the manners of the minute in this way, and their presentations appear to us, not as interesting preservations and preparations, but as worn-out stuff which is not alive to us now, and the vitality of which at any time we feel more or less inclined to doubt. It has amused me sometimes in reading contemporary work of the kind to try and separate the pieces which will have the first, and those which have the second effect on readers a hundred years hence. To a certain extent it can, I think, be done, but probably never completely even by the wariest critic, by him who has paid most attention to the abiding and the fleeting characteristics of literature respectively. But this is a digression. In Hook, let me only repeat, much is dead that may have once been alive; a little was alive and is so still; but much also, I think, never was properly alive at all, and was only

accepted as being so in the absence of livelier studies.

Those who, as is not uncommon, maintain that the preservative just referred to is more easily applied, or at any rate is more commonly found, in verse than in prose, may derive confirmation for their opinion from the different fate of the second author on our list. Barham and Hook were friends, contemporaries, and in many ways alike. They died within a few years of each other, and at the time even of Barham's death there can be no question that his reputation was almost infinitesimal compared with Hook's. Yet the greater fame was doomed to decrease rapidly and continually, the smaller to increase at once and to hold its ground. I have been told indeed that *The Ingoldsby Legends* of very late years have shown a certain loss of grip on popular, at least on popular literary estimation. They are not so often quoted; the young man of letters of the day does not appreciate them, but rather disdains, and so forth. Even, however, if this were true (and I am rather doubtful of its truth), even if we were to suppose that the very amusing onslaught made upon the *Legends* some ten or a dozen years ago by a person of the æsthetic persuasion, in very nearly the same terms as those which good Roger Ascham applied to the *Morte d'Arthur*, had some effect, it would remain certain that for at least an entire generation after their first collected appearance in 1840, and probably for an entire generation after their author's death in 1845, they enjoyed an almost unexampled and a certainly unexceeded popularity. They were reprinted again and again, in cheap editions and dear, with this man's illustrations and that man's, and without illustrations at all. They were the common delight of readers, and the common quoting-ground of writers. Every schoolboy literally knew them, and did not neglect them when he ceased to be a schoolboy; girls who were good for anything were

nearly as fond of them as boys. For thirty years at least hardly anybody who attempted light verse failed to imitate them, and for at least the same number, if not a much larger one, nobody who read light verse with any relish failed to enjoy them.

How far did they deserve this really extraordinary vogue, which to some extent still continues? The enemy, not merely in the person of the aforesaid æsthetic energumen, but long before his time, has always accused them of being an ignoble caricature of a noble period of history, of encouraging brutal and Philistine emotions, of being a hardly disguised and yet underhand and unworthy attack on the Oxford Movement, of drawing their piquancy from the subtle pleasure which the baser side of human nature feels in seeing great and holy things degraded and burlesqued. Is there anything in this? I think there is something, nay, a great deal; but the something and the great deal appear to me to be composed of almost unmitigated nonsense. It is sometimes impertinent, and not often thoroughly to the point, to give personal impressions and opinions as an argument; but occasionally it is thoroughly in place. Now I happen (which for the present matter, if for that only, is of consequence) to be a thorough sympathiser with the Oxford Movement, and an impenitent, hardened, incurable lover of the Middle Ages. So long as, and to the extent to which Newman was loyal to the Church of England, I should have followed him without the slightest hesitation, and I know no reading which for pure delight exceeds that of thirteenth century romance in twenty thousand lines of verse or prose. But I have never found *The Ingoldsby Legends* jar in the very slightest degree on these tastes of mine. Considering indeed that the Middle Ages liked nothing better than burlesquing and rallying their own raptures, their own mysticism, their own religion, I really do not know why we should be more sen-

sitive for them than they were for themselves. There is a particular delight in making jests on one's own emotions and their objects, which only humourists, who are also lovers, know. As for the argument of brutality, for that there is absolutely no excuse. It requires very little discussion and no mercy. It is merely part of the rubbish talked and sometimes believed by the average fool of an age which turns up its eyes over England's part in the Napoleonic wars, swoons at the idea of a man drinking a bottle of port or a magnum of claret, and while crowding to see any stupid and tasteless feat of acrobatism which gives a chance of a fatal accident, goes into fits at the idea of a cock-fight, a prize-fight, or a badger-drawing. In the mere character, however, of the subjects, except that their quaintness and variety have no small charm, very little of the attraction of *The Ingoldsby Legends* seems to me to reside. Although the grotesque, supernatural, and the tragi-comic suited Barham most admirably, and were perhaps his special walk, his powers were in reality of very wide application. *My Cousin Nicholas* is no contemptible attempt in the school of Hook. He is not much less good in prose than in verse, and he manages his alternations of grave and gay in verse itself with a skill almost equal to, though less delicate than, that of Praed, who probably gave him some lessons. His beautiful last lines "As I lay a-thinking" do not require the not very authentic antiquity of their spelling to give them charm. He had scholarship, which, when it does not prevent a man from writing, is seldom without effect on the quality of what he writes; he had the wide vague reading which scholarship nowadays too often excludes; he had good humour, good feeling, good breeding, an immense sense of fun and an inexhaustible fund of rhymes and rhythms just suited for his purpose. There is a fairly considerable class of books and writers between which and whom a

peculiar relation exists, the book seeming to have been made for the man and the man for the book; and it need hardly be said that where it does exist the work is never valueless. In kind it may be high or low, an epic or an epigram, a romance or a riddle; but it always has the merits of supremacy in that kind. And in the kind of burlesque poetical narrative I am quite sure that Thomas Ingoldsby never has had a superior, and I think it extremely improbable that he ever will have one.

In the case of a writer whose best things are universally known it is, fortunately, considering space, unnecessary to enter into even as much detail as is here unavoidable about one who is half forgotten like Hook, or one who has never been wholly known like Maginn. It would even be dangerous; for when one began there would be no stopping. As no familiarity can dull, so no want of acquaintance ought to be proof against the abundant and intense characteristics of this jovial microcosm in verse. The hackneyed metaphors of a fountain and a kaleidoscope are the only ones that are equal to its curious combination of variety and formal perfection. The rhymes and the metres flicker and vary just as the water does when the winds blow its upthrown masses; they glitter and group themselves unerringly just as the colours and shapes do in the turning tube. How much of the charm may be due to the steady background of good sense, of right feeling, even of tenderness, which is spread behind these fantastic combinations, may be matter of opinion; how much to the unfailing sun of wit and humour that shines over the whole may be differently, though not very differently, estimated. But the total result can never fail of its effect except upon "bad prigs," upon persons of undue natural density, and upon those who, with amiable and estimable tastes as to what is in the fashion, are not capable of relishing what happens to be a

little out of it. Few are the things that one can read at fourteen and at forty-eight with delight equal in intensity and not very much altered in character. But of these, in the case of "this Recensent" (and he thanks the Upper Powers for it), are *The Ingoldsby Legends*.

Yet I am not certain that of our three, the last is not in certain ways the greatest. The work of Maginn, though easier to appreciate than it was a few years ago, is even yet hid as a whole from the general cognisance. I do not even know that it would be possible to recover it entirely; and I am quite sure that if it were so recovered it would suffer from the fatal drawback of being almost entirely journalism, and of a consequent inequality all the greater that its author was the least gifted of all men with the senses of responsibility and hesitation. Barham, always in easy circumstances and restrained by his profession as well, wrote simply when it pleased him, and could hold back what he wrote till it pleased him. Even Hook had upon him the constraint of the book, slight as that was in his case. Maginn published little or nothing in book form. He was always a contributor or an editor, one who lived by contributions and editing; and appears to have been as indifferent as Diderot himself to what became of his work after he had sent in the copy, and pocketed (a temporary process if ever there was one) the payment. Since the pious care of Mr. R. W. Montagu collected in 1885 his *Miscellanies* in two volumes, it has been possible by adding the letterpress of the "Fraser Gallery" to them to obtain something like a conspectus of Maginn's extraordinary faculty. It is not a complete conspectus, and yet it is one which shows us the flaws in the work and makes us pretty certain that they would widen if the area of collection were extended.

It shows us, however, at the same time the great and multifarious gifts

of the man. In one respect I own I am a heretic. I cannot away with Maginn's Homeric translations in ballad form. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, thinks their tone Homeric; I should say it was as much like Homer, though in a different way, as Pope is. Mr. Matthew Arnold thought them "genuine poems in their own way," and he called the *Lays of Ancient Rome* pinchbeck! Mr. Conington complimented Maginn on having realised that Greek ballads can only be represented by English, and Mr. Conington was an Oxford man, and must have learnt sound doctrine about *petitio principii*! However, no more of this. In the case of such a man as Maginn it is important not to blame the small fragment of his work which for some reason or other has been unduly praised, but to bring forward the far greater part of it which has never been praised enough. It is astonishing how various and how vivid the lights of that part are. As for the letterpress of the "Fraser Gallery," I own that, clever as it is, I have no great affection for it. It is one of the earliest and one of the best examples of a kind of journalism for which there has since been greater and ever greater demand,—the brief biography, smart in style and somewhat swaggering in manner, of "Celebrities of the Day," "Men of the Time," and what not. Maginn knew a great deal: he was sufficiently on an intellectual equality with most of his subjects for his treatment not to be merely impertinent; and it is certain that he had at this particular time a coadjutor in Lockhart, whose knowledge and whose competency were even greater than his own, though Lockhart's actual literary faculty might not be quite so versatile. So the things are amusing enough and sometimes more than amusing; also, which is not common in this kind of thing, they contain a rather unusual amount of positive biographical and miscellaneous information, not no doubt to be accepted

quite uncontrolled, but often extremely useful in the way of setting one on tracks. It is unlucky that in addition to their other faults they contain a great deal of the tedious and obsolete newspaper mannerism of the time, a mannerism of knowing and braggart assumption, which had been begun in *Blackwood's Magazine*, which was to obtain for many years, and which is by no means yet dead. It must, I suppose, have appealed to some taste, have filled some cranny of the human mind, but it certainly seems very unengaging to me. This and other defects appear, but are less notable, in the miscellanies of all kinds which Mr. Montagu has collected. In so far as there is any direct original for the tricks which Maginn began to play directly he became one of *Blackwood's* contributors, I am rather disposed to see it in the notes to *The Anti-Jacobin* and the combinations of fanciful divagation, scholarly parallel, and scurrilous personal attack which distinguished that celebrated periodical. Mr. Montagu (committing a crime too common, though always unforgivable in arrangers of selections and collections) omits to furnish the dates of the magazines from which he extracts, and to rout them out from complete sets of the original requires time and opportunity. But the *Memoirs of Morgan O'Doherty*, from the allusions to *Peter's Letters* and other things, must have been very early. There are in them all the traits which Wilson subsequently elaborated and perfected in the *Noctes*,—the interspersions of verse, serious and comic, the studied desultoriness, the critical, social, and literary vagaries. Indeed there is no doubt that this famous series did owe its origin to Maginn, who disputes the honour of suggesting the motto. The *Memoirs* are filled with parodies and patter songs of singular liveliness, and characterised, as Maginn's pieces generally are, by odd, but by no means unhappy lapses into the serious. They also show that wide familiarity with

literature, especially with classical literature, by which the author was honourably distinguished. Since the comparative disuse of a classical education these Greek and Latin freaks of Maginn's have probably become something of a stumbling-block to the generation which is now sent into the world unfurnished with the keys to some of the world's best things. Indeed in the not very abundant comments made recently on Maginn's centenary, the British journalist not unfrequently had the honesty to confess the fact. But if the habit is thus to some a disqualification, it is, of course, to others an additional charm. And I do not know that any one has ever managed this particular style of academical wit better than Maginn. He may not have been an extremely profound or accurate scholar, but few men have had more knowledge of the classics after the fashion which delights Professor Blackie,—the knowledge which enables a man to talk and write in "the tongues" almost as freely as in his own language, and which leaves him rarely at fault for a quotation from or a quip in them. Few again could be more vernacular; and in these very *Memoirs* "the Powlloodies of Burran" exhibits a command of the style which Swift invented for the purpose of putting it into the mouth of Mrs. Harris, unequalled since Swift's own examples. O'Doherty (Maginn himself spells it in one word, "Odoherty") also does duty as eidolon-author in another of "the Doctor's" most considerable productions, indeed his most considerable production taking length and merit together. The *Maxims of (Sir) Morgan O'Doherty* used to be procurable in a little pocket-volume which I have not seen for very many years. More people probably know them from one or two references of Thackeray's than in themselves, even since Mr. Montagu's reprint; but they are very well worth knowing. With not a few of what seem now, and a few of what should surely have seemed at any time, breaches of good manners and good



taste, they contain a great deal of wisdom on the first principles of literature, feeding, and philosophy, with a picture of Fourth-Georgian manners which, used with discretion, is instructive, and, used with or without discretion, entertaining. Maginn should not have spelt Chateau Grillet, Chateau Grille, which is absurd; but it is greatly to his credit that he pronounced that little known wine to be delicious. It shows that he had no vulgar taste.

His most serious and solid work in matter and manner, if not also in actual bulk, is the rather famous *Consideration of Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*. With some quite astonishing slips (such as "Nugè Curialie," which perhaps is due to carelessness in correcting his proofs) it contains probably as much sound learning, shrewd wit, and acute criticism as can be found in any single contribution to the enormous, and too often worthless library of Shakesperian comment.

His miscellaneous writings in verse and prose are too numerous to be considered here in detail. In both kinds there may be thought to be too much of the aforesaid exercises in parody and burlesque criticism. *The Rime of the Ancient Waggonere*, *The Third Part of Christabel*, *Moore-ish Melodies*, and so forth, though all very well in their own way and in small doses, are apt to become a little tiresome when collected in volumes. Nevertheless Maginn did some of his best work in these forms. *The Pewter Quart* is an admirable thing, the most spirited and genuine drinking-song perhaps of this century, if not the most poetical. Nor are the burlesque commentaries on *The Leather Bottell* and *The Black Jack* which follow by any means ungracious fooling, though they may be thought to have been carried on a little too long. There is great merit, both political and sentimental, in the variations which he founded on that most beautiful old song which begins "Let's drink and be merry." Some of his Latin versions in *The Embalmer*

and elsewhere are excellent, and indeed it is difficult to dip anywhere into this class of his writing without finding pasture, though perhaps it is not wise to browse too long at one time thereon, and not all the herbs are suited to all tastes. For instance, I have never been able myself to take much delight in his exercises in jargon and thieves' Latin; but they please others.

A gift which Maginn must have had in extraordinary measure, but which, for some reason or other, he seems to have left for the most part uncultivated, was his talent for prose fiction in little. A long story I do not suppose he could ever have managed, and his longest known to me, *The Last Words of Charles Edwards*, is dreary enough. But the man who wrote three such masterpieces, by no means in the same kind, as *The Man in the Bell*, *Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady*, and, best of all, *A Story without a Tail*, must have had it in him to write a great many more. There are many instances on record of men who have produced only one or two poems of value; very few I think of men who have produced one or two extraordinarily good prose-tales and no more. The sole explanation that occurs to me is that work of actual invention required a certain amount of planning and thinking, which Maginn's incurably reckless and random nature and habits refused to give. If it be so, the loss inflicted in this respect by his foibles is greater than any other.

Indeed in "the chronicle of wasted time" (to play on words in his own manner) there are few more melancholy histories than Maginn's. Many of the greatest wits have had nothing like his learning; and hardly any man of very great learning has had anything like his wit; while it cannot be said that he wanted opportunity. Yet not only did he make a mess of his life but he also, in a way which by no means necessarily follows, made a mess of his genius. It is hardly possible



to open a page of his without finding something that seems like indisputable evidence of that quality ; yet in twenty years of literary production he did no great thing, and not more than one or two small things that are perfect. Neither drink nor debts, neither want of method nor even want of industry, will fully account for this. And perhaps after all the truth is here, as in so many other cases, that Maginn did give the best that was in him to give, that his talents were more showy and versatile than solid, that the appearance in him was greater than the real capacity, and that in furnishing forth the part of a brilliant journalist and improvisatore he after all did his day's work as it was appointed for him.

Whether this theory be a consoling one or not may be doubtful, but it is of wide application and pretty strongly supported. It is not however necessary to argue for or against it in this brief survey of an interesting group of humourists,—of “amusers,” as another language has it. With Hood, who surpassed them all in originality of wit and quality of poetry, and Praed, who in his smaller scale and sphere excelled them all in fineness of touch, they are perhaps the chief of all such as amused the town during the third and fourth decades of this century. Nothing that they did except *The Ingoldsby Legends* can be called individually important, and nothing with that exception is destined, I should suppose, to a long lease of life or a probable hope of resurrection. It is difficult to believe that Hook, at any rate in the bulk of his novels, can ever find many readers again, and the strongest of Maginn's claims, (the delusive and elusive air of genius frustrated which somehow clings to his work) is to be found in his mixture of classical learning and farcical humour,

a mixture which I fear is less and less likely to be appreciated until the slow wheel of time has made a pretty long revolution. According to not the wisest part of old-fashioned wisdom we ought perhaps to lament that they did not employ their wits on something more permanent, devote their energies to worthier occupations, and so forth. *Dignissimus* if not *gratissimus error* ! With the rarest exceptions the plays and the poems, the sermons and the histories, which are not absolutely of the first class, die almost as fast as the novels and the essays, the jokes and the journalism that deserve the same classification. They preserve indeed a specious kind of apparent vitality in some respects, but it is little greater in the way of being actually read, while to the deliberate inquirer the sermon is sometimes even duller than the skit, the peroration less exciting than the parody.

Yet the division of letters to which these men belong can never be indifferent to the lover of literature both in itself and in its connection with humanity. Most of the work we have been surveying has

—Sunk into the stream  
That whelms alike sage, saint, and  
martyr,  
And soldier's sword and minstrel's theme,  
And Canning's wit and Gattton's charter.

More perhaps will undergo the same immersion, till nothing but Ingoldsby remains above water, and even his head is vexed by the foam of the tides. But they were all very much alive once, which is more than can always be said of the sermons and the histories ; and where there has been life there must always be, in degrees varying from the infinite to the infinitesimal, interest for those who live.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

## THE NEW ATHENS.

Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendour of its prime.

It would be easy to contrast the poetic vision of Shelley's prophecy with its prosaic realisation in the Athens of to-day. But in spite of its broad and regular streets, its sumptuous German-looking houses, its barrack of a palace, and its general air of the prosperous capital of a petty modern state, Athens, like Rome, must always be a peculiar city. Standing on the Acropolis at Athens, even more than in the Roman Forum, or among the palaces of the Cæsars one feels that all one's surroundings belong to another age. The ruined temples, the mountains, and the sea seem the only realities, and the distant hum of the unseen modern town seems only to enhance the isolation of Athena's chosen shrine. Yet this impression, certainly the first and probably the most lasting, is not altogether a just one. The very quiet and isolation which we now enjoy are to a great extent an artificial restoration. The solitude which had to be made before such peace could return, would have been impossible without the revolution to which the modern city owes its populous prosperity; and the very hands which have swept away so much disfigurement and squalor, have also ruthlessly destroyed more than one monument of real historical value.

The vicissitudes of Rome have long been among the commonplaces of history and of literature; but her rival Athens has a record no less varied, and no less fertile in influence upon the civilisation and art of Europe. During the brief period of her political empire, Athens was also

supreme in literature and in art; and this supremacy never passed from her with her political fall; nay, it survived even the extinction of Greek independence; the intellectual centre of the world was acknowledged to be Athens, just as Rome was the political centre; and all youths who aspired to a superior education flocked to the university of Athens, and sat at the feet of her professors. Her schools, recognised and endowed by various emperors, continued to hand on the light of philosophy and culture until they were closed, as the temples of the gods were also closed, at the final triumph of Christianity.

When at last the reaction began, and Hellenism was once more triumphant in the Renaissance, Athens had not at first her due share in the enthusiasm excited by the literature and the art to which she had given birth. She was no longer a metropolis, much less a cosmopolis; and whether her ruler were Byzantine or Frank, Venetian or Turk, she was but an insignificant provincial capital. The various visitors from the West who were attracted by the associations of her history or by the ruins of her former pride, found in the squalid modern town little to aid their studies or to help their illusions. While all Europe was thrilling with new life inspired by the spirit of Greece, Athens, almost alone among cities, felt no change from the revival of all that had once been her peculiar glory.

But her turn was to come. In the second Renaissance, if we may be allowed the expression, she has had a full though tardy share. The first great revelation of Greek literature and art, and the consequent revival of Greek influence throughout the

civilised world, were followed by a second period of "dark ages" in the classical stagnation of the eighteenth century. The contrast of the romantic and the classical is a literary commonplace; but few perhaps realise that what, in this connection, we call classical, is but very remotely connected with the influence of Greece. In the revolt against the pedantic convention that called itself classical, the second and more genuine revival of Greek influence went hand in hand with the romantic tendency.

It is not our intention here to sketch the history of this second Renaissance, from Winckelmann and Lessing down to our own day. All that is necessary at present is for us to realise the nature of some of its more essential characteristics, and, in particular, to note how it differed from the classical studies of the preceding period. To this earlier scholarship we owe an incalculable debt of gratitude; without it we could not have understood or appreciated the literature from which our knowledge of Greece must chiefly be derived; and its greatest masters had an encyclopædic knowledge of classical literature and antiquities such as few, if any, of their successors can even aspire to. Yet we may perhaps say without injustice that its general tendency has been rather to analyse and classify than to apply historical and appreciative criticism. We may compare its methods with those of a geologist who should study and classify strata and fossils, yet never realise in his imagination that earlier world when all with which he is familiar in its fixed and lifeless forms was filled with a life and vigour even more exuberant than any that he sees around him. The analogy is no merely accidental one; the change in the methods of Greek studies is but one instance of the growth of the constructive scientific spirit that marks the present century. And the form which the change has taken in this particular case is the desire to realise more fully the spirit

of Greek life, of which we have, so to speak, the fossilised remains in art and literature; to live once more in imagination among those who may be our friends, not merely names; to see in our mind's eye all that magnificent series of statues and paintings and public buildings of which but a few scanty remains have come down to our time; in short, to reconstruct, by an enthusiastic but scientifically directed effort of the historical imagination, living Greece once more, and to let all its noblest influences have full play again in our life of to-day.

While such tendencies were in the air, it was natural for men's thoughts to turn to the country where the Greeks had lived; here, at least, were the physical influences that had surrounded their culture and civilisation, and the remains of much, nobody knew exactly how much, of their art and monuments. And an event which might, on a superficial view, appear detrimental to the part of Athens in the revival of Greek influence, really acted very strongly in her favour. This was the permission obtained by Lord Elgin to make casts of all the sculptures of the Parthenon, and to carry a great part of them, mostly lying about uncared-for on the Acropolis, to England. Before this, the sculptures which, as the Elgin marbles, have become universally known, were accessible only to a very few adventurous travellers, and to a limited public through their drawings and descriptions. It is no exaggeration to say that the sculptures of the Parthenon, when they became known to artists and to students, entirely revolutionised our knowledge and appreciation of Greek art. Even to Winckelmann the sculpture of Phidias and Praxiteles was only known indirectly, through copies or imitations, most of them so patched up and worked over that even the Roman copyist's hand was barely discernible through the transformation wrought by the Italian restorer. To a generation which regarded the Apollo Belvedere and the

Venus de' Medici as the typical examples of Greek sculpture, the Elgin marbles must indeed have been a revelation; and they were so accepted at once by many, with a wonder that found poetical expression in Keats's sonnet; while Canova, by declaring that it would be a desecration to touch such sculptures with a restorer's chisel, has won for himself a place in the history of art far above that which many would be disposed to assign to his statuary. The transportation of the Phigaleian frieze to the British Museum, and of the Æginetan sculptures to Munich, served to enforce the lesson taught by the Elgin marbles. It was impossible to rest satisfied any longer with knowledge of Greece and Greek masterpieces at second hand; and thus the eyes of all to whom the influence of Greece is a reality, have been turned once more to the country of its origin, and, above all, to the city that was the eye of Greece, as Greece was of the world.

But it is, above all, the political resurrection of Greece that has enabled Athens to resume her due position; though it must be remembered that the revival throughout Europe of a new interest in Greece, was the cause of no small help and encouragement to the Greeks themselves in their heroic struggle for independence, and contributed to its ultimate success. It was with a true instinct or foresight that Athens was chosen to be the capital of the new kingdom. Other towns might well, at the time, have seemed to have a claim as good, if not better, from their share in the revolution, their commercial prosperity, or their geographical position. But the choice of Athens showed the policy which was to be adopted by the newly-constituted Greek nation. By her own unaided efforts the Greece of to-day could never have acquired the position now generally accorded her in European politics. It is as the successors of those who fought at Marathon and Salamis, who gave us an art and a literature beyond all others in

perfection and in influence, that the modern Greeks have an acknowledged claim to the gratitude and the consideration of the civilised world. The mere name of Athens seems to enforce this claim, and to call up all the associations on which it is based. And although the modern town did not, for some time, acquire a prosperity and an appearance consistent with its lofty pretensions, its advance in this direction has, in recent years, been wonderfully rapid, and Athens has become once more an international centre for the appreciation of Greek influence, and its diffusion throughout the world.

This result is in great part due to the enlightened and far-sighted liberality with which the Greeks have themselves expended large sums to make Athens the chief centre of the study of Greek antiquities, and have also encouraged all foreign efforts in the same direction. Considering the state of Greek finances, and the limited resources of the country, the amount spent on the department of antiquities is very considerable; and it has been largely supplemented by equally liberal private expenditure on the part of the richer Greeks, whether separately or through the Archæological Society in Athens. Excavations, preservation of monuments, building and arranging of museums, have been carried out on a scale worthy of the opportunities that were offered. There is no doubt that many of the Greeks regard this expenditure as a profitable investment,—and very wisely. Though no charge whatever is made for entrance to museums or visiting inclosed and protected sites, the steadily increasing attraction of residents and visitors to Athens is sure to requite in time so prudent a policy. And indirectly the gain is still greater; it is no exaggeration to say that the social and political importance of Greece is increased by every first-rate discovery, by every improvement to the preservation of the monuments of ancient Greece and of the museums in which her treasures

are exhibited. At the same time it would be unjust not to acknowledge that some of the Greeks take a higher view of their responsibilities in this matter, and regard themselves as trustees for the care and preservation of the monuments in which their soil is so rich. In any case, such responsibility certainly carries with it a right to protection and consideration which is universally regarded as due to Greece more than to any other power of the same size and population.

While Greece is now fully conscious of her unique position, and is therefore daily rendering the modern city of Athens better qualified to sustain it, the same claims have already been recognised by Western powers so far as to become a factor in state policy, and to be recognised in national organisation and expenditure. The French School at Athens was founded as early as 1846, with a subsidy from the French government; and, although it has since been reorganised and extended in scope, its purpose was essentially the same as that which it now fulfils. It was founded as a branch of the Académie des Inscriptions; and its purpose, as expressly declared at its foundation, was to give an opportunity to younger scholars, who were qualifying for professorships in Paris or the various local colleges or academies of France, for becoming acquainted at first-hand with Greek antiquities, and for familiarising themselves upon the spot with all which they would later be called upon to teach. But during their studies in Athens many members of the French School have contributed most valuable results in exploration and excavation; many, indeed, would regard this as the most important function of the school; especially as since its reorganisation in 1875, its regular publications have formed a most prominent feature in its work.

The history of what is now the Imperial German Archeological Institute, but which was started at Rome in 1829 as an international institution,

only concerns us here so far as it affects Athens. It was officially recognised by the German government in 1874, and in the same year a branch of it was founded in Athens. Before this Germany had not been behindhand in sending archaeological missions, one of which, in 1862, laid bare the great theatre of Dionysus; but the foundation of the German School was closely associated with a great project for the excavation of Olympia, on which no less than £40,000 was spent by the German government, though nothing could be taken away from Greece but some comparatively worthless duplicates and casts or other copies of all discoveries. In a praiseworthy emulation the French Chamber in 1890 voted a sum of £20,000 for a similar excavation of Delphi, and this grant will doubtless be greatly increased before the work is finished. So remarkable a liberality on the part of the French and German governments, in what at first sight appears unproductive expenditure, may be a surprise to many. For it is to be noted that, whether in the case of these extraordinary grants, or of the regular subsidy paid to maintain the French and German Schools, practically nothing of the material results can be exported from Greece. All of these remain to enrich the collections preserved in the Greek museums in Athens or elsewhere. What is gained by the foreign schools, in return for so great a sacrifice, is merely the right of publication of what is found, and, above all, the first-hand knowledge and the enthusiasm for their subject on the part of the students who direct the work. Nothing is so sure as a pursuit of original discovery and exploration to impart to a scholar that interest and familiarity which give breath to the dry bones of classical study; and it is indeed noteworthy to find this fact so distinctly recognised by two great powers such as France and Germany, that they think it worth while for their governments to support their schools at

Athens, and so to secure for their respective countries a staff of younger professors who are fresh from the field of original discovery, and can impart the influence of Greece untainted from its source.

England at present lags behind, whether it be because our government takes a narrower view of education, or for mere lack of appreciation of the advantages which are offered by such institutions. It can hardly be because English people are less interested than their foreign neighbours in ancient Greece. All traditions are against such a possibility. England has always been in the front rank among the explorers and students of Greece, and can show a list of illustrious names such as no other nation could surpass. But perhaps among us there has been a tendency to regard the study of archaeology as an amusement for the dilettante rather than a study which admits of systematic and scientific pursuit and organisation. It has been too much dissociated from the study of classical language and literature, and both have suffered from the severance. Although classical archaeology has received in some measure official recognition in the curriculum of both our great universities, its position is hardly yet generally understood throughout the country. Here we have yet another point in which our educational institutions compare unfavourably with those of France and Germany, where every local university or college possesses, as a matter of course, its archaeological chair. The endowment of a school at Athens is a necessary corollary of the recognition of the study at home. Yet even America is beyond us in this respect, since all its principal universities and colleges have combined to found and subsidise the American School of Classical Studies in Athens, which has, since its foundation in 1882, done excellent work in Greece, and fully repaid the universities that founded it by its influence upon their teaching-staff.

The British School at Athens, which was founded in 1886, has had to make its way from the beginning without any subsidy or official recognition from our government; but for a grant from Oxford University, and another from the Hellenic Society, itself a private body, it has been entirely dependent upon private subscriptions, and those from supporters who, however friendly and generous, are all too few for its prosperity. Nevertheless, its annual reports show that it has been able to hold its own since its foundation, even in emulation with richly endowed government institutions such as the French and German schools. But such a record, with a limited and precarious income, cannot be expected to last, though favourable circumstances may make it possible for a time; and so promising a beginning only makes the prospect of an ultimate collapse more disastrous and disappointing. Hitherto the school has amply justified its existence by proving the demand there is for it to meet; graduates from our universities who have just gone through the prescribed course of classics and archaeology, many of them with high distinction, architectural students from the Royal Academy, and others, have come to Athens in numbers varying from six to twelve a year, several for more than one season. It is perhaps not too much to hope that our government, like that of Germany, may see its way to subsidising an institution which has already shown what it can do under less advantageous conditions; or if not, then at least that a more liberal support from other quarters may place our English students on a level with those from other nations, which we have not in former days been accustomed to regard with resignation as superior to ourselves in enlightenment and liberality.

Some of those who recognise the value of an archaeological school, founded on classic soil, ask why Athens should be chosen, where the



field is already occupied, and unpublished antiquities of first-rate importance are hard to find. Smyrna, they say, or some other town nearer to unexplored fields, would offer more scope for British enterprise. If the position of Athens, as we have tried to realise it, be properly understood, such a suggestion falls to the ground at once. However valuable may be the results acquired by excavation and exploration, what we want, above all, to gain for our students is the training and the freshness and directness of knowledge which such work alone can give them. And although an archaeological school which neglected this practical side of its functions would inevitably stagnate and lose its educational value, we must never forget that its first duty is to stimulate the interests, and to freshen the knowledge, of the students whom it trains to spread the same influences at home. Athens, while within easy reach of many unexplored fields, has interesting excavations constantly going on even in the town or its immediate neighbourhood; as an international centre of new archaeological discovery she has no possible rival, except perhaps Rome. At Athens our students can not only join in the work of their own school, but they are always welcome at the meetings, and even at the excavations of other foreign schools, and of the Greeks themselves. There is probably no other place in existence where all those employed or interested in the advance of one study, whatever their nationality, meet together so freely to talk over the newest discoveries, and to discuss their various theories. No more stimulating atmosphere for the young scholar can be imagined; and when, in addition to this, we remember the unrivalled monuments of Athens and her neighbourhood, and the unique richness of her museums, we need have no hesitation in recognising that no other place could have been chosen for the British school without sacri-

ficing advantages elsewhere unattainable.

At the present time, the visitor or the student who comes to Athens (and the journey is now a very easy one) finds, whatever his nationality, an archaeological school ready to welcome him to the use of its library, and to assist him in every possible way in his attempt to spend his time in Greece most profitably. All those to whom the influence of Greek thought and life and literature and art is a reality, still more those who are occupied directly or indirectly in spreading that influence, would gain incalculably by a visit to the home of its origin. No one who has never stood upon the Acropolis at Athens can realise the true surroundings that gave their tone to Greek religion. No one who has not seen the wonderful discoveries presented by Dr. Schliemann to the Greek nation can appreciate the marvellous wealth and the advance in art and civilisation of the lords of Mycenæ rich in gold. No one who has not seen the series of statues preserved in the museums of Athens can rightly appreciate the gradual stages by which Greek sculpture evolved from a few conventional types the most perfect ideals of manhood and godhead. No one who has not seen the tomb-reliefs in the Ceramicus and in the National Museum can have any notion of the chastened pathos and the pensive record of the beauty of life whereby the Greek sculptor seems to rob death of its sting. No one, finally, who has gazed his fill upon the mountains and the sea of Greece, with their clear-cut outlines and luminous atmosphere, can help feeling the influence of the surroundings amidst which the Greeks of old produced the literature and the art to which we owe so much of what is best in our life. All this Athens has to offer, and she offers it freely to all nations; it is for us not to reject our part in the gift that others are so eagerly enjoying.

DESCRIPTIVE MUSIC.<sup>1</sup>

## II.

SOME years ago I went to Westminster Abbey on a dark foggy Christmas afternoon. When I arrived, the seats available in the choir were nearly all occupied, and I found one on the steps of the chancel. The choir and transepts only were lighted, just sufficiently for the purposes of the service. Sitting there near the eastern end of the building and looking westward, one saw the congregation, the carved oak stalls, the choir-screen with the organ; and beyond, through the misty air (which was faintly illumined with a ruddy glow from the burning lights), along the central nave and the aisles, appeared the dusky old stone pillars with their soaring arches, dimly outlined in the darkening twilight. Above the arcade of the nave the arches of the triforium are just discernible; while over this again "a little glimmering light much like a shade" shines through the windows of the clerestory and serves to vaguely indicate the vaulted roof. To right and left of the choir faint prismatic rays from the great windows of the transepts gleam through the foggy air. A sense of the grandeur and majesty of the building pervades the solemn stillness, which is presently broken by soft sounds from the organ as the subdued notes of the Pastoral Symphony from the *Messiah* steal among the faintly-echoing columns and arches. The dim, mysterious suggestions of lovely forms almost totally concealed, where column after column, arch beyond arch, fade away in deeper darkness, aid the imagination; and one seems to see the "shepherds abiding in the fields" on the far-off Eastern hills under the

starry midnight sky, as note softly follows note from the mellow pipes of the organ.

This, I take it, is the kind of effect that composers wish to produce when they write descriptive music. But in this case how much of the effect was due to the surroundings, how much to the fact that year after year the same music had been associated with similar thoughts? If, instead of being heard in the grand old abbey on a dark wintry afternoon, this same music had been heard for the first time in a well-lit concert-room among a fashionably dressed audience, would it have had the power to call up in the same way the vision of the Eastern hills with the shepherds tending their flocks? To some extent the effect might have been produced even in such circumstances, because the music is of the kind with which the word pastoral is associated, and therefore the idea of the piping of shepherds would be suggested by it. In regard to the effects of association I shall have something to say presently.

In my former paper, in order to give a general idea of the subject and of the attempts made by composers to represent scenes and actions by musical sounds, I examined the principal parts of Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, drew attention to the various ideas that the composer had endeavoured to represent by his music, and showed that, not only had he failed to convey any intelligible meaning by his various devices, but that he had sacrificed musical beauty in the unsuccessful attempt to carry out his descriptive ideas; and I pointed out that the finest and most beautiful parts of the composition were to be found, not where the music was intended to represent the scenery and

<sup>1</sup> See an article on the same subject in *Macmillan's Magazine* for last June.

action of the piece, but where, discarding such ideas, the composer had aimed only at the intrinsic beauty of orchestral and vocal sounds. Having thus illustrated by means of a concrete example the aims and methods of modern musicians, I now propose to deal with the question in a more general way, to examine how far music is capable of suggesting scenes which the composer may wish to represent, or of assisting the imagination to realise scenes which may be described by words.

It may be well first to briefly consider how composers have been led to form their ideas of descriptive music. So far as regards vocal music it has long been their practice to endeavour to write in a style which shall be appropriate to the words, and shall emphasise their meaning; that is to say, in setting words of a happy and joyful character they have written bright and cheerful music, while sad and sorrowful subjects have been set to compositions of a corresponding character. Instances of appropriateness, in which the music enforces the meaning of the words and the words that of the music, are to be found in countless numbers. I will only refer to one as showing to what an extent this may be carried by very simple means. In Schubert's remarkable song *The Erl King* we have a single voice and a single instrument accompanying it. But how wonderful is the effect produced! The musician does not attempt to describe the Erl King and the father clasping his child in his arms; but he does most vividly express the hurry of the ride, the fright, merging into absolute horror, of the child, the agitation of the father in his vain effort to soothe the boy's terror, the seductive song of the phantom Erl as he tries to entice the child to come and play with his beautiful daughter among the fields of bright flowers bathed in golden sunlight, the final desperate ride for life, and the few pathetic words telling of the boy's death.

A great deal of instrumental music

has also been written with a view to express joy, sorrow, love, hatred, revenge, and so on, and would frequently be recognised as appropriate, when the hearers had been informed what particular emotion was intended to be expressed. It would however often, if not indeed generally, be impossible to recognise, without such information, which of the emotions the composer wished to represent. I do not mean to say that a passage intended to be expressive of love would be understood as representing hate, or that joy would be mistaken for sorrow; between such widely-opposed emotions there would not be confusion; but there would be difficulty in distinguishing love from sorrow, pleasure from hope, grief from despair. The reason of this ambiguity may possibly be that so much music has been written with a view to musical expression only, quite apart from any definite emotional idea, that the styles which certain writers would adopt for the expression of love or grief, for instance, have been so frequently employed by others in what I may perhaps be allowed to call musical (as distinguished from appropriate, emotional, or descriptive) music, that it would be difficult to recognise without explanation which of the emotions is intended to be expressed. Even in the case of *The Erl King*, any one hearing the words of the song would recognise the admirable appropriateness of the music; but if the words were sung in a foreign language (that is to say in a language which the hearer did not understand), I doubt very much whether the music would be interpreted aright even by skilled musicians. Attempts have also been made with more or less success to imitate natural sounds, such as the songs of birds, the buzzing of insects, the roaring of the sea, the hum of the spinning-wheel, and so on.

I have said that in vocal music appropriateness of style has been generally attempted by musicians. This however is not always the case. The Italian school of opera writers showed

great indifference to the idea, their aim being generally to write pretty and even beautiful airs, duets and choruses, rather than to enforce the meaning of the words by the musical effects they introduced. This indifference is carried to an extreme in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, it being hardly possible to conceive music less appropriate to the words than is to be found in some parts of that work, notably in the *Cryus Animam* and the *Quis est homo*. It was partly a re-action probably and a protest against this Italian style, partly the idea of progressing from appropriateness beyond imitativeness, that led some composers to attempt to write music which should be not only suitable to, but even descriptive of the scenes and actions described by the words, and also instrumental music which should tell its own story independent of words. The extent to which it has been adopted shows that the idea exercises a fascination over composers, and probably also over listeners; and certainly, if it could be realised, and musicians could really bring before our imaginations beautiful landscapes and noble buildings, there would be a charm added to music which, whether or not it enhanced the beauty of the music itself, would greatly delight many of the hearers.

But can such effects be produced? Can composers conjure up for us lovely scenes, or even help us to imagine them? In order to find answers to these questions let us consider what is the effect produced by the sight of a beautiful landscape. It would appear that there is first of all the impression upon the eye by which the view is simply seen; and apparently in many cases the effect ends there, for there are people who seem quite incapable of understanding or deriving any delight or satisfaction from the beauties of nature; and in the case of those who under favourable conditions do fully appreciate them, it may happen that, if the mind is preoccupied with other thoughts, they too may simply see a beautiful sight without realising its

beauty or being moved by it as they would be at other times. When, however, the mind is free from distracting thoughts, there follows from the sense of sight an impression upon the mind, giving the idea of beauty, taking in the various features of the scene, and comparing them with other views. Then there seems to be a third effect, an inner sense of pleasure and satisfaction derived from both these impressions, yet distinct from both. It would appear that the first of these is an effect upon the body, the second upon the mind, and the third upon the spirit, and we may speak of them as the bodily effect, the mental effect, and the spiritual effect.

This threefold effect may be further illustrated. That objects may be seen by the eyes only is, I think, shown by one's progress through the crowded streets of a city. The buildings, the shops, the vehicles, the passengers, are all seen sufficiently clearly to enable the walker to steer clear of obstacles, but all the time his mind may be entirely taken up with thoughts about his business, his pleasure, or any other subject. Again, in reading the advertisements, and indeed many other parts of the newspaper, the words are seen by the eyes and the meaning is comprehended by the mind, but no effect is produced on the emotions. But in reading good poetry there is added to the effects upon the body and the mind, an impression upon the spirit by which the beauty of the ideas and of the language in which they are described is appreciated.

That sights of great beauty may be seen with the eyes without producing any effect upon the emotions is shown by Coleridge in his *Ode to Dejection*. He has been watching the beauty of an autumn evening:

And those thin clouds above in flakes and bars  
That give away their motion to the stars:  
Those stars that glide behind them, or between,  
Now sparkling, now bedimmed, but always seen:

Yon crescent moon, as fixed as if it grew  
In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue;  
I see them all, so excellently fair,  
I see, not feel, how beautiful they are.

A threefold effect, similar in character to that experienced in the case of sight, is produced by music. There is first the impression upon the ear, and it is well-known that with a great many people the effect ends there. Sounds which to the musician are of exquisite beauty are to them only so much noise; their ears are conscious of certain sounds, but they cannot distinguish one tune from another; the sounds afford them no pleasure or satisfaction, are sometimes even a source of annoyance. But to those who have the power of appreciation there is, besides the effect upon the ear, a further effect upon the mind by which they distinguish one piece from another; they follow the various melodies and harmonies, and admire the skill of the composer. Then again there is the effect upon the emotions which is produced by the combinations of beautiful sounds. The degree in which the mental and emotional effects are produced varies greatly with different persons. The former is largely dependent upon musical education and training; and it is the mental following of the construction and analysis of the piece which is the source of the greatest amount of pleasure to some musicians. On the other hand many people who are almost and even quite ignorant of musical construction and science derive extreme emotional delight from the sounds they hear.

It appears therefore that there is a similarity between the effects of sight and of sound, but it would seem probable that, as the bodily organs of the two senses are distinct, so there are corresponding mental and spiritual faculties appropriated to each which cannot be affected by the other. This, I say, seems probable, but I am not prepared to say definitely that it is so. It is at any rate certain that sounds cannot produce the bodily effects of sight. They cannot actually bring a

scene before the eyes. In considering whether they can bring it before the mind it will be well to take some particular scene as an illustration of the subject. A scene remarkable rather for a few striking features than for elaborate detail will best suit our purpose; and as it will not be possible to find one with which all readers will be familiar (as would be desirable), I have chosen one which will be known to many,—the celebrated view from the Hoheweg at Interlaken. I will try to describe it sufficiently to enable those who have seen it to recall it to mind, and to give a general idea of its main features to those who have not.

Before us, rising from the further side of a narrow plain to a height of several thousand feet, stands the huge mountain wall of the Oberland, its rough and rugged front deeply scarred by gorges and ravines, of which the principal is the Lauterbrunnen valley exactly facing our position, and which we can trace cutting into the very heart of the mountains, till it meets with the impenetrable barrier formed by the gigantic Jungfrau. That mighty mass stands right across the valley, completely blocking it, and towering up far above the adjacent heights, a dazzling, pyramid of purest snow, in striking contrast to the sombre colouring of the forests and dark precipitous rocks which rise in grand slopes and terraces to form the sides of the valley, and to the clear blue sky against which the sloping sides of the pyramid stand out in clear relief.

Now in regard to the threefold effect of the scene, I take it that the eyes observe its various features in such a way as to enable us to perceive and state them accurately. It is the province of the mind to understand and appreciate up to a certain point the beauty of the view; to compare it with other views that may have been previously seen; to form an idea as to the relative heights of the mountains; to note the relations and contrasts of

light, shade, and colour; and when the eyes and the mind have done their parts, the spiritual part of our nature comes into play, and we feel in our inmost souls the perfect loveliness of the picture, and are satisfied and refreshed with its beauty.

My description certainly does not bring the scene before our bodily eyes, but if carefully considered it does give a mental impression of it, and, I think, even a vague and feeble spiritual effect. The question then naturally arises, if language is capable of conveying these ideas of beauty and grandeur to the mind and spirit, may not similar ideas be produced by musical sounds? Might not such a scene be presented to us by what in the musical jargon of the day is called a "tone-picture"? Here a preliminary question presents itself for consideration, namely whether the effects, if produced at all by musical sounds, would have to pass through the medium of language; that is to say, whether the music must first suggest a mental description in words, or whether it could produce the effects directly without this intermediate process. This latter I conceive to be the way in which actual sight conveys the impressions of form, colour, and beauty. In looking at such a scene as I have described, I take it that we do not say to ourselves "that is a mountain," "that is a valley," "that is a forest," and so on; but we grasp almost instantaneously the entire scene, without the ideas passing through the medium of a verbal description. Doubtless the longer we look the more we find to admire, and a certain length of time is required in order to fully realise its beauty; but a general idea may be obtained almost in a moment, while a considerable time would be required to at all adequately describe it in language.

As pointed out in my former paper there seems no reason to doubt that a conventional language could be invented, or might grow up by degrees,

by means of which a great variety of ideas might be described by music. But the question is whether the desired effects could be produced by musical sounds in the present state of the art; that is to say whether composers can now produce them or have succeeded in doing so; whether there is any such natural relation between sight and sound that the latter may suggest the former otherwise than by a pre-arranged system; whether, in fact, descriptive music is a real and genuine development of the art, and does convey to us, without the aid of interpretation, the scenic effects intended by composers.

In the case of verbal descriptions, the reason why language conveys ideas to the mind is that certain words are associated in the mind with certain objects. I am speaking of language as it exists and is employed in the present day, and am not for this purpose alluding to any theory as to its origin. The words mountain, valley, rock, and so on, being associated in the mind with the natural objects to which they refer, bring these objects before the mind; and further, the adjectives which are used to qualify the nouns being also associated in the mind with certain qualities, such as height, breadth, and the rest, the combination of words produces the desired impressions always by means of association. If a musical language were to come into existence, this would in the same way depend upon the association of certain sounds or classes of sounds with particular objects or ideas.

Association, as is well known, exercises a remarkable influence upon the imagination in other ways apart from language. A simple air, if once associated with certain circumstances, may have the power to recall all those circumstances whenever it is subsequently heard. For instance, if, when first looking at the scene above described, one had heard a song or other piece of music, then, especially if the



piece were heard for the first time, if it were afterwards heard again in any other place however remote, and in any other circumstances however different, the music might recall to the mind the same glorious beauty, the grand mountain masses of the Oberland, the Lauterbrunnen valley winding in and out among the forest-clad slopes and towering rocks, and the majestic form of the mighty Jungfrau in her robe of shining snow. In order that this effect might be produced it would not be at all necessary that there should be any natural connection between the music and the scene; the former need not (if that were possible) be in any degree appropriate to the latter; the effect is due entirely to the fact that the sight and the sound have been associated in the mind, and it matters not whether the music be a simple air, a song indifferently sung, or an elaborate orchestral piece. Association of ideas, not similarity or appropriateness, is the cause which produces the result. In this case I conceive that the vision called up by the sounds is quite independent of language; the mind realises the idea of the scene without any conscious reference to verbal description.

It would appear therefore that sights can be suggested to the mind independently of language, and not to the mind only, but also to the spirit; for in such a case as I have supposed, not only the mental but also the spiritual effect of the original scene may be to some extent reproduced. Now if this be so, it would appear that what the musician has to aim at in his description is to produce the feelings of pleasure and satisfaction which would result from the picture in his mind, and so convey the idea of its beauty and of the scene itself. That he would be successful in the attempt I do not anticipate, as will be gathered from what I have said. Unless he could in some way connect his music and the scene by association he would not be able to differentiate one scene

from another; he could not distinguish for instance between a mountain and a lake, even if he did produce mental and spiritual effects analogous to those produced by beautiful scenes. If, in pursuing these attempts, he at the same time gave us the best music of which he was capable (which is very doubtful), he would after all give us only the effects of beautiful sounds.

And are not these enough? In listening to a symphony of Beethoven's are not mind and spirit entirely satisfied? Do we want anything more to increase our enjoyment? Are not our faculties fully employed in following the grand and lovely successions of beautiful tones? Do we want at the same time to be thinking of beautiful sights? Would not such thoughts divert the attention from the music and hinder, rather than enhance, the enjoyment of it? For my own part I do not think that the mind is capable of enjoying to the full simultaneously the beauties of sight and those of sound; and, while I am of opinion that it would be desirable that our concert-rooms should be, in architecture and decoration, pleasant to the eye, so that the attention may not be attracted to anything uncouth or ugly, they should not be of such beauty that the attention would be diverted from listening to the music to dwell upon the surroundings. In contemplating such a scene as that of the Jungfrau the entire attention is absorbed, and one could not while fully taking in its loveliness, at the same time fully appreciate the finest music; and in the same way, when listening to perfect music, one's faculties are too much occupied to be capable of at the same time fully appreciating such a scene of beauty.

Let the aim of the musician therefore be to give us the very best music that he can conceive. Consider how grand a field is open to him: the magnificent range of musical sounds; the thrilling tones of the human voice; the splendid harmonies of orchestra and organ; the varieties of tone and

character of the instruments at his command, and the endless resources of combination; the gradations of force and expression, from the lightest touch on piano or violin to the tremendous power of full orchestra and chorus. Consider how it lies in his power to call forth our sympathies with grief and sorrow, to stir us by songs of triumph, to give expression to our deepest emotions of love and faith and hope and joy. Surely the most ambitious musician has scope wide enough to exercise the fullest

powers of his genius and his imagination. Let him be content to leave to the painter and the poet the description of sunny lands and starlit skies, of placid lake and rugged mountain, of peaceful meadow and stormy ocean. The attempt to depict such scenes by musical sounds must fail in the present state of his art, and can only be successful in the future at the cost of genuine musical expression.

W. H. T.

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## THE INTERMEDIARY.

## I.

"AFTER all, I'm not surprised," said the Duchess with an expressive glance at Captain Ives, her companion in the billiard-room at Appleford. "His father,—well, of course I needn't tell you, young men know everything nowadays;—but it is easy to see that poor Noel's weakness is hereditary; and I must say," she added abruptly, restoring the chalk to its receptacle under the table with a little jerk, "his taste is certainly better than his father's. At least this girl is not a creature who dresses in,—who appears in burlesques. But I dare say she will when she gets a chance."

While the Duchess of Cidershire achieved a small break, playing with an absence of judgment which in itself betrayed her state of mind, her cousin (the kinship existed, although he was considerably her junior and the degree remote) permitted himself a little inward laughter at the lady's discreetly indiscreet allusion to her husband's escapades. He had so often wondered how much the Duchess knew of the Duke's youthful vagaries, which even now had hardly ceased to form topics for vagrant discussion in boudoirs and smoking-rooms. If there was anything in heredity certainly Lord Noel Ciderton's infatuation for Sylvia Faunthorpe, the charming *ingénue* of the Imperial Theatre, was quite adequately accounted for; but his friends, and especially his parents, were none the less disposed to view the case with the keenest disapproval. The fact that Miss Faunthorpe (no one ever called her Mrs. Hibbard, even before her divorce) had acquired a certain celebrity (some people might have said notoriety) did not improve

matters; the Duchess, in particular, complained that an *ingénue* had no business to be celebrated; it involved somehow a contradiction in terms. And, as regards the paternal precedent, it was true that the Duke had shown himself on more than one occasion a remarkably easy victim, but his liberality had never extended so far as a serious offer of marriage to an actress. He would cheerfully have shared his fortune with any ornament of the stage who had won his admiration, but he was more scrupulous when it came to choosing a partner in the bearing of his title. It was hard on Lord Noel, Captain Ives reflected, that his more honourable intentions should aggravate the enormity of his aberration; but after all one could sympathise with his family, especially if (and this was the Captain's enviable position) one was engaged to marry Lady Hilda, Lord Noel's twin sister, a girl with a long neck and a fine air, who could talk for hours about politics, and phagocytes, and knew thirteen variations of the barn-dance.

The Duke had called his son a fool,—a peculiarly qualified fool, expressing himself with more ardour than elegance; and Lord Noel, after receiving from his mother, in somewhat politer language, an assurance that her estimate of his conduct was practically identical with that of his other parent, had packed his portmanteau, turned his back on the pheasants which were waiting in the coverts to be shot, and retreated to town. The position was therefore desperate, and Captain Ives, deftly accomplishing a difficult cannon, could not wonder that his opponent's nerve was shaken. In spite of her curious passion for the pastime (she had taken it up originally because the

billiard-room was the nicest room in the house, and the game afforded such opportunities for the display of a pretty hand and wrist, which had never deserved the epithet better than now, although she was frankly middle-aged,—in spite of her enthusiasm, and the fact that the red ball lay blushing in a coyly inviting position over the right-hand middle pocket, the Duchess paused abstractedly when it was her turn to play.

"Then you will make one more effort?" she said half apologetically, glancing across the table at Ives. "You will go up to town to-morrow, and remonstrate with that wretched boy! There is no time to be lost,—he talked of marrying her at once! And,—and don't you think you might see the creature?"

Captain Ives raised his eyebrows. "Of course I will do anything I can. I will see Noel, though I can't say I think it will be of much use. But——"

"But?" echoed the Duchess as he paused. "Are you afraid of the actress?"

Captain Ives laughed uneasily, brushing a chalk mark off the sleeve of his coat. "Well, what on earth could I say to her? You don't want me to ask her to let him off!"

"Oh," said the Duchess hopelessly, "tell her that I'm a perfect fiend,—that I should lead her a life; that Noel hasn't any money,—he hasn't much, you know. Tell her that—that she wouldn't be received."

"Much she would mind that!" commented the Captain candidly. "I don't suppose she expects it. And, you know, she isn't really such a bad sort; she's very pretty, and I've never heard much against her."

"I like your 'much'! Hasn't she been divorced?"

"Yes,—on her own petition."

"Oh, well," cried the Duchess, "I've no doubt she's an angel,—for a mountebank! But as Lady Noel Ciderton, as my daughter-in-law! Ugh! I should like to shake them both."

She made a vicious stroke, driving the red ball against the shoulder of the cushion instead of into the pocket, and left an easy cannon for her opponent, who finished the game with a brilliant break of seventeen. Just then the dressing-gong sounded, but the Duchess did not immediately obey its resonant summons. She watched Captain Ives while he replaced the cues and rests in the rack and lowered the lights; then, under cover, as it seemed to her companion, of the comparative darkness, she returned to the attack.

"Tell me, Philip," she asked softly; "is she really very pretty?"

"Haven't you seen her?" replied the other, with a glance faintly indicative of surprise.

"Oh, I suppose so,—on the stage. But any one can look pretty,—in paint and things, on the stage."

"Well, I haven't met her in private life," said the Captain impartially. "But I'm told that she's uncommonly pretty and extremely amusing. Tells awfully good stories, I believe. In fact, I've heard some of them."

"Yes," said the Duchess drily, "no doubt!" After a pause she continued. "Then you might—perhaps you wouldn't mind——"

"Wouldn't mind?" echoed Ives.

"Well, if she's so pretty, and entertaining, and all that, perhaps you could make love to her without boring yourself very much?"

"My dear Duchess! Forgive me if I don't quite follow you. Do you really mean to suggest——? And what about Hilda?"

The lady gave a little start. "Gracious, I had forgotten Hilda! No, I didn't mean to suggest anything; I was talking nonsense. Bother! Well, anyhow you will talk to Noel? I know he looks up to you, and, as my eldest son is in Canada, who else is there? Young men will generally listen to a friend, even if they won't obey their parents,—especially if the friend has the reputa-

tion of being one of the safest and cleverest men in his regiment."

This compliment was delivered with a smile which illuminated the charming little lady's perplexity like a ripple passing over a woodland pool; and Captain Ives was immediately impelled to promise that he would do his very utmost to reclaim the wanderer.

He was not sorry to effect his escape from Appleford next morning. The atmosphere of the place was somewhat too heavily laden for comfort; and his betrothed, the Lady Hilda, wore an air which rendered her society a little depressing even for a lover who did not make too great demands, whose attitude was one of complacent rather than of rapturous satisfaction. But if he was able to glance back at the stately gates of the ducal deer-park with equanimity, and even with a feeling of relief, Captain Ives was less able to congratulate himself upon the prospect of the business which menaced the other end of his journey. His companion in the smoking-compartment of the express train, observing the young man's puckered brow and neglected cigar, concluded that he had been crossed in love, or had dropped a small fortune over the *Cesarewitch*—an inference which in the face of the eminently successful issue of the Captain's wooing, and the fact that the seasonable demise of an elderly aunt had recently made him master of an income running well into four figures, presented a striking example of the folly which jumps to conclusions.

At the end of half an hour Captain Ives gave utterance to a sigh, which if it had been more audible might have expressed a mild phase of despair, carefully filled and lighted a pipe, and buried himself in the perusal of his newspaper, his lean, sunburned face resuming meanwhile the good-natured expression which seemed to harmonise so well with his fair moustache and hair, his straight nose, and his kind, shrewd, gray eyes.

When he had conscientiously exhausted the pages of his journal, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled that companion of his solitude, and abandoned himself to dreamy meditation, wondering what the deuce Letty (it pleased his simple mind to refer to the Duchess thus familiarly)—what the deuce she meant by suggesting that he should make love to Miss Faunthorpe.

Entering Lord Noel Ciderton's chambers soon after mid-day, he found that perversely amorous young gentleman (whose smooth, pink cheeks and somewhat ugly boyish features showed no trace of the recent conflict with parental authority) engaged in the leisurely discussion of an apparently early luncheon, which was in fact his breakfast in disguise. "Sit down, old man," said Lord Noel hospitably. "I thought you were at Appleford. Have they chucked you out too? What have *you* done?"

Captain Ives smiled uneasily, murmuring a reply which struck him as diplomatic, that he had been obliged to come up to town on business. "By the way, you're a precious young ass!" he added solemnly when the servant had left the room.

"Oh, shut up, Ivy!" rejoined the other happily. "I've heard all that before. The governor said I was a damned fool. I don't care; I know what I'm doing. Have some caviare?"

Captain Ives shrugged his shoulders, and helped himself to another piece of toast.

"You,—you don't really think I'm an ass, do you?" his host inquired presently in a slightly less rebellious tone. "You've been got at, haven't you, Ivy?"

"I do, straight! I think you're an everlasting young idiot."

"But why?"

"Oh, well, there are heaps of reasons. Er—people don't do these things."

"Oh, people!" put in the other scornfully. "That's all skittles!"

People are fools; I'm not people; and it isn't even true,—it's done every day! I tell you what; you'd do exactly the same thing if you were in my shoes, and you can't deny it."

Captain Ives smiled loftily. "I think not. I can't quite imagine the case. You see, I've never made a fool of myself with an actress."

"Well, I have," admitted Lord Noel frankly. "And I like her all the better for being an actress. Not that I wouldn't marry her, even if she was only an ordinary woman; I shouldn't care what she was."

"Does she,—er,—like you?" asked the other abruptly.

Lord Noel glanced at him suspiciously, blushing and frowning a little. "Oh, I think so. She says she does, pretty well; and anyway, isn't she going to marry me as soon——?"

"As soon as what?"

"As soon as her decree what's-her-name has been made absolute. She certainly isn't marrying me for my money, if that's what you mean. I've told her I'm a blessed pauper. She makes a pot of money at the Imperial, a good bit more than my income. Look here," he added with a burst of magnanimity. "Come round to the club, or somewhere, for an hour or two, and then I'll take you to have tea with her. You will see for yourself how awfully nice she is, and I'll bet you a fiver that in a week's time you'll congratulate me!"

Captain Ives protested feebly, but his loyalty to the Duchess and a sense of his present failure led him to consent. To confess the truth, it was only at the expense of large drafts upon his loyalty that he was able to maintain the contest. Ives was no fool, in spite of the simplicity which somewhat obtrusively coloured his words and deeds; nor was he a victim to blind prejudices. His heart was not in this crusade; he already found it a difficult task to fix the allegiance of his sympathies with the lady who had despatched him upon it.

## II.

ALIGHTING a few hours later at the door of a retiring brown house which nestled, clad in the ivy of antiquity, among the trees of the older part of suburban Hampstead, Lord Noel and his friend were ushered into an empty drawing-room, from the windows of which, however, they could see Miss Faunthorpe, who, closely wrapped in furs, was pacing rapidly (it struck Ives that there was something of the tiger in her walk) up and down the gravel terrace which lay between the back of the house and a rather desolate expanse of empty autumnal flower-beds and neglected lawn. She started when Lord Noel tapped the window, looking up from her tattered acting-copy, and darting a flashing glance of inquiry in the direction of the intruders, a glance which was quickly merged in a smile as she hastened to join them.

At first Miss Faunthorpe seemed to ignore the presence of Captain Ives, though her eyes wandered to him now and again while she overwhelmed Lord Noel with a rippling stream of words and laughter. She had thrown off her fur cloak on entering the room, and Captain Ives observed that her figure was slight and girlish, that she was as pretty as she had ever looked on the stage, and that her tawny copper-coloured hair, slightly disarranged, was magnificent, particularly in conjunction with her wonderful eyes, which were blue of the colour of lapis lazuli. He found himself wondering a little at her beauty, which was as candid as her manner. He had seldom considered actresses apart from their native boards, and he had always entertained a vague idea of two types; the buxom, blonde person, with straw-coloured hair and a conspicuous complexion, who played virtuous heroines and flirtatious school-girls; and the dark-haired, melancholy maiden, with hollow eyes and pale cheeks, who was so intimately associated with black



clinging draperies and injured innocence. He had seen Miss Faunthorpe on the stage more than once; but yet it was something of a surprise to him to find that she did not come under either of these categories. He began to form an extremely depreciated estimate of the discernment and taste of the divorced husband; he had to remind himself that even if he envied his cousin, it would never do to tell him so.

Lord Noel took advantage of the first break in the flow of the lady's eloquence to introduce his friend with due ceremony. Miss Faunthorpe bowed very graciously, sinking into a low chair and inviting the gentlemen to seat themselves on either side, near the tea-table. For a while their conversation, to which Miss Faunthorpe was the chief contributor, ran freely enough over rather conventional lines: they discussed the new plays, the new theatres, Ibsen and the Home Rule Bill; the actress spoke with enthusiasm of the part which she had been studying in the garden when they arrived, even reading them fragments from her dog-eared type-written copy.

Presently, however, it eked out, from some chance allusion which Lord Noel made, that his cousin had just come up from Appleford; and this intelligence seemed to impose a certain restraint on Miss Faunthorpe, who became forthwith more sparing of her pleasant laughter, and neglected her little musk-scented cigarette. When her guests rose to take their leave, she hesitated for a moment, while they fumbled with their gloves, glancing askance at Captain Ives, who somewhat prided himself on his detection of her mental attitude. Then she turned to Lord Noel brightly, laying one hand upon his arm. "But you mustn't go without seeing my poor Romeo! It was understood, when you gave him to me, that you were to be responsible for his health, and he's not at all well. I'm afraid it's nerves,—and you know he is to appear in the new show. Do go and look at the

poor doggie; he's in the library, in front of the fire."

Lord Noel smiled tolerantly, nodding at his cousin. "I expect Romeo has over-eaten himself! I shall be back in a minute. Or will you come too? It's only across the passage."

But Miss Faunthorpe interposed, reminding the younger man of Romeo's aversion to strangers. "He's the sweetest thing!" she continued as the door closed, bestowing one of her brilliant glances upon Captain Ives. "He'll make a great hit, even if I don't."

Ives imagined for an instant that the lady was referring to Lord Noel, and his face (which was less adapted than his language to conceal his thoughts) betrayed his quaint misconception.

"Yes," Miss Faunthorpe added, smiling a little; "he really is a most angelic poodle!"

Her guest uttered some vague, polite remark, and a brief silence followed. Miss Faunthorpe rose and walked towards the window; when she reached it she turned almost immediately, and confronted Ives with a kind of challenge in her pose and expression which struck him, in spite of his embarrassment, as something extraordinarily fine. "Well," she said quickly, "and what are you going to tell his people,—the Duchess?"

Captain Ives gazed at her, at first with surprise and then with a dumb appeal in his candid eyes. She continued, with a flash of scorn, "Ah, you don't deny it; that is what you came for!"

The man clasped and unclasped his large, neatly gloved hands helplessly, avoiding her eyes. "My dear Miss Faunthorpe! I came, simply because Lord Noel asked me."

"The Duchess hates the very idea of me! Will you deny that? *Eh bien*, since she sent you to report, what shall you say?"

He glanced at her boldly. "I shall say,—that you are all that is most charming!"

She made him a little mocking

curtsey. "Much good that will do! Hasn't her son told her so? And you will add that I am impossible, that I smoke cigarettes, that I——", she paused, shrugging her pretty shoulders impatiently. "And this is what your great people can do! Pray, what would the Duke and Duchess say if I were to send my sister (I would if I had one) down to Appleford to inspect them? Would they behave any better than I have done! Oh, I dare say you think I'm dreadful!"

Lord Noel entered the room at this point and paused open-eyed at the sound of her voice. "I say, I say!" he exclaimed, gazing at them vacantly.

Miss Faunthorpe broke into a laugh. "I declare, I had forgotten all about you! You have interrupted one of my best scenes."

Captain Ives maintained a discreet silence while she went on to question Lord Noel about the invalid Romeo, admiring immensely the tact with which she had retrieved the situation. As they parted a few minutes later, she gave him an indefinable glance, murmuring, "What a dreadful creature you must think me! But you may tell her what you like. I assure you, I don't care."

"Well," said Lord Noel, when the two friends had regained Piccadilly, after a somewhat silent drive, "how about that fiver?"

Ives followed the course of their departing hansom with absent eyes, smiling gravely. He admitted vaguely that Miss Faunthorpe was all that his amorous cousin had painted her; inwardly, his thoughts were dwelling upon other aspects of the lady than the charm of her radiant beauty. He permitted himself to cast a speculative, retrospective glance at the visitor who had arrived, dismounting from an exceedingly smart phaeton, just when they were taking their leave, a middle-aged man with the stamp of the Stock Exchange upon him, to whom Lord Noel had referred as Mr. Nettleton, who often came on business; also he wondered

whether his cousin, too, had suspected that when Miss Faunthorpe said good-bye to them there were tears in her beautiful blue eyes.

### III.

A FORTNIGHT later the Duchess of Cidershire received a brief note from Lord Noel; he was not going to marry Miss Faunthorpe, he wrote, so he supposed he might as well come down for the shooting. It may be imagined that this communication on the part of the errant son restored to the parental breakfast-table a degree of geniality, a sense of ease, which for some days past had been conspicuously wanting. The Duke murmured unemotionally, from behind his *Times*, that Noel was after all not such a fool as he looked; he added presently that he didn't mind going so far as five hundred, but Miss Faunthorpe would have to sue for breach of promise before he would give her a penny more. "That dear Philip!" cried the Duchess rapturously, turning to her daughter Hilda. "How clever he is! How well he must have managed! Noel must positively bring him down with him; I will telegraph at once."

The Duchess felt, in fact, that, in addition to a heavy debt of maternal gratitude, she owed Ives some honourable amends. For several days she had been blaming him for his omission to write more explicitly. Since his departure she had received from him only a line to say that there was no immediate danger; the decree *nisi* couldn't be made absolute for some weeks; and, as the Duchess complained, if the dreaded event was to happen, it might as well happen now as a month later. But she pardoned his silence now, remarking to her daughter that this was always Philip's way,—to do things without making a fuss; she even quoted his reticence as another instance of his phenomenal discretion,—the less one

wrote about one's own, or even other people's, love-affairs, the better.

A disappointment was in store for the ladies, for, notwithstanding the injunction laid upon him by the telegram, Lord Noel arrived at Appleford unaccompanied by Captain Ives; nor was he able to assure his inquiring mother that her successful ambassador would follow by a later train.

"You haven't quarrelled, I hope?" asked the Duchess anxiously.

"Oh, I don't know! No, not exactly. I suppose, after all, it wasn't his fault."

"His fault! My dear boy! You don't mean to imply that you are sorry you have been so nice and sensible; that you regret having given her up?"

"I never said I had given her up," declared the other, blushing. "I didn't; she gave me up."

The Duchess lifted her eyebrows, with a little ripple of laughter. "That clever Philip! Then,—then there won't be a breach of promise case after all! He really is an angel! But do you mean——?"

"This isn't very pleasant for me," put in Lord Noel impatiently. "The long and short of it is, that ever since Miss Faunthorpe saw Ives she has declined to look at me. He's cut me out; and if you are pleased, well, I don't think you ought to be."

"But,—good gracious!" cried the Duchess, growing suddenly grave. "Are you sure? Do you know what you are saying?"

Lord Noel shrugged his shoulders. "I took him to see her,—I suppose that was rather foolish—and next day she declined to receive me when I called; and I got a letter from her to say that she was very sorry, and all that, but she couldn't think of marrying into a family which evidently didn't want her!"

"Dear me," said the Duchess thoughtfully. "That wasn't at all in accordance with one's ideas of an actress. But it proves that the creature didn't love you, Noel; surely you

must feel glad that you got out of it!"

"She never said she did," murmured her son. "I didn't bother myself about that. She said she was so tired of love-making,—on the stage."

"And off!" put in the lady shrewdly. "I dare say she is tired,—of pretending. But the real thing,—the real thing!"

"Ah!" said Lord Noel bitterly.

"No doubt that's where Ives comes in."

The Duchess looked out of the window for a few minutes, frowning intently. The vague hint which she had intended to convey to Ives, that he should get up a flirtation with Miss Faunthorpe with a view to showing Lord Noel how trivial a person she was, suddenly flashed across her mind. She felt sure that she had withdrawn the suggestion; indeed she remembered that Ives had spontaneously objected, reminding her of his position as a man under bonds to her daughter. But if Lord Noel's evident suspicion was based on solid ground, her cousin had apparently carried out this plan of campaign after all, doubtless in default of a better. She felt uneasy, in spite of her reliance on Ives. Her son had escaped from the frying-pan; but it was not pleasant to think that it was just possible that Lord Noel's escape had been effected at his sister's expense,—that poor Hilda had fallen into the fire. "Tell me," she said, turning suddenly to her silent son; "you have seen Philip since you received your dismissal?"

He nodded sullenly. "Of course; I told him all about it, as soon as I had made sure that she meant it. He behaved very queerly about it."

"Oh," murmured the Duchess, "and the wretch didn't write to me! What makes you think that he cut you out, as you express it?"

"Everything," answered Lord Noel. "Doesn't he go to see her every day? And after all, it's natural," he added

miserably; "he is much better looking, and cleverer, and all that."

"The wretch!" cried the Duchess breathlessly. "And he's comparatively rich, too! How do you know that he goes to see her? Did he tell you?"

"Not in so many words, but he didn't conceal it. I've simply avoided him since——. Another man told me; a friend of hers, a fellow called Nettleton."

"Miss Faunthorpe appears to be intimate with a good many gentlemen," commented his mother drily. "This is awful, if there's anything in it. But there can't be. And yet, why does he go on seeing her, after——? Oh, Philip, Philip! I must see him at once. And that poor Hilda! Didn't you think of that, Noel? Didn't it occur to you that you ought to interfere?"

Lord Noel shrugged his shoulders again. "I thought there had been quite enough of interference," he said with something of his mother's tone. "What could I do?"

The Duchess was silent for a minute. "I don't believe it!" she said doubtfully. "I can't! I must write to Philip." Then, as she left the room, she turned to add, "Mind, not a word of this to your father, or Hilda. Remember, it's all your fault, anyhow."

"Oh, I leave it to you!" said the other morosely. "I'm sick of the whole business. I shall go to the Rockies or the North Pole. Call it my fault if you like; it's all the same to me."

#### IV.

THE letter which the Duchess despatched to her cousin was artfully artless, the outcome of much deliberation; and Philip Ives, accustomed as he was to read between the lines of his cousin's epistles, did not dream, as he pushed it into a drawer of his writing-table, that he was an object of suspicion, or that the writer's mind was burdened with anything beyond

her extreme gratitude for his skilful rescue of her son. If she had any notion as to the true position of affairs, he argued, she would hardly have expatiated on so trivial a subject as the merits of the new cue which had just been made for her in London. At the same time he was perturbed; the letter, conveying as it did in urgent terms an entreaty that he would come down to Appleford, demanded an answer. He had already, more than once, reproached himself on the score of his silence as regards his infatuation (it amounted to that) for Miss Faunthorpe, and he felt that to write to the Duchess without alluding to it would be a piece of cowardice, a reticence touched strongly with the taint of duplicity.

The longer he pondered the situation over his solitary breakfast-table the less it pleased him; but he decided at last that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, and that before writing the inevitable reply he would offer himself in due form to Miss Faunthorpe, so that, when he wrote, his cousin might understand that his apostasy was a thing irrevocable and complete. He felt little doubt as to what Miss Faunthorpe's answer would be, though he had seen enough of her to realise dimly that she was not an ordinary woman, that she was capricious, a charming enigma, fantastic, bewildering; he could not accuse himself of presumption in concluding that she had unchangingly encouraged the passion which he had taken no pains to disguise. The signs, he assured himself as his cab drew up at the door of the now familiar ivy-clad house in Hampstead, were almost uncountable, and not one of them adverse.

It was early in the afternoon (he had chosen the hour with intention), but he was not fortunate enough to find Miss Faunthorpe alone. Her other visitor,—Ives recognised him as Mr. Nettleton, the aggressively amiable and opulent nonentity whom

he had encountered there before,—did not hasten his departure, or spare his stock of facetious stories; and it was only when Ives had begun to despair of accomplishing his object that this interloper (so Ives had ended by regarding him) glanced at his corpulent gold watch, and presently took his leave. Ives resumed his chair with a sigh expressive of unqualified relief.

"At last!" he said softly, glancing at Miss Faunthorpe, whose eyes, when his encountered them, seemed troubled, lacking their wonted charm of frankness.

"At last!" she echoed lightly, bending over a vase of flowers. "I'm afraid you don't appreciate Mr. Nettleton; I'm very sorry, for—"

"I've no doubt he's an excellent man,—in his place."

"Poor Mr. Nettleton!" exclaimed the other with a curious smile. "Did you regard him as *de trop*?"

"Ah,—precisely! When I have been longing all the time to tell you that you have never looked so charming,—that I adore you!"

She raised her eyebrows, smiling faintly, adjusting a feathery golden-brown chrysanthemum in the bosom of her dress. "Thanks,—but ought you to say it? Aren't you afraid that the Duchess will hear you?"

"That is my affair," he said, with the shadow of a frown. "All I care for, what I have been waiting for, is to hear you say that you love me,—that you will marry me!"

He had risen now, and stood facing her, gazing directly into her eyes. She drew back, and he noticed that her face was pale and irresponsible; its expression baffled him; it suggested an embarrassment of which he had imagined her incapable. "Don't keep me in suspense!" he pleaded gently. "Surely—"

"Wait!" she cried quickly, a sudden flush of colour suffusing her cheeks. "I told you that I was a dreadful creature, and now you will believe me. And yet, goodness knows, I meant to

stop you before! Oh, didn't you see that I hated you?"

Ives stared at her with a blank face. "You hated me!" he murmured slowly.

"At first, when you came,—from her! I don't quite hate you now; I wish I did, it would be easier to tell you—"

"But if you don't hate me! Why,—what have you to tell?"

"That,—that I have treated you shamefully!" she murmured. "And after all, didn't you deserve it? How have you treated your cousin, his sister?"

"You,—you have been playing with me!" he put in quickly, reading her expression now in a flash of inspiration. "You have been so cruel!"

She bowed her head silently. "It seemed a fair revenge; I never thought you would take it so seriously." Then she broke into a nervous laugh. "After all, you knew that I was an actress! Can I help my nature? Forgive me; forget our little comedy!"

"Comedy! You can call it that! And Lord Noel—? Why—? I don't understand."

"Why I dismissed him, broke it off? Ah, for that I have to thank you; you gave me the cue, the occasion. But I should have done it anyhow," she added in a minute. "It was only because he wouldn't take 'no.' He was a nice boy, but he bored me; it would never have done!"

He took a step towards the window and gazed out at the dreary garden, where the rain pattered forlornly on the fallen leaves; recovering his self-possession slowly, proving himself, as a man rallying from a stunning, physical shock proves his limbs in fear of broken bones. When he turned, a revulsion of feeling, a healthy reaction had already set in; he was even calm enough to appreciate dimly the fine irony of his punishment.

Miss Faunthorpe anticipated him when he was about to break the silence. "I have a further confession to make; there is no end to my enor-

mities! You may as well know the worst of me; I have to-day engaged myself to marry Mr. Nettleton."

She raised her eyes for an instant as she spoke, courageously, but Ives fancied that their radiance was dimmed by tears. "You have been making a fool of me all the time?" he asked gently. "Excuse the question; it will make it easier for me."

She nodded silently, with lowered gaze.

"Well, you have succeeded; I admit it freely. You have taught me a lesson for which I can even guess that I ought to be grateful. And it seems to me that, if I say that I forgive you, that I bear you no malice, accounts will be square between us."

Miss Faunthorpe blushed. "You are generous; you make me feel more than ever ashamed."

He held out his hand as if to say good-bye, and she took it frankly, holding it for an instant. "You *did* come to break it off?" she asked timidly as they parted. "My engagement with Lord Noel, I mean,—though you didn't know whether I cared for him?

Yes? Ah, then that makes it easier for me! Good bye,—forgive me, and forget!"

He still hesitated. "You were acting,—all the time?" he asked.

Miss Faunthorpe nodded. "All the time! After all," she added as he left the room, "I didn't know for certain what you intended; I didn't mean that you should go so far."

As Ives fared on his homeward way across Regent's Park, he congratulated himself more than once in that he had not written to the Duchess,—that he had not burned his ships. Strangely enough, he felt relieved and even elated; if he had not won, it seemed to him that he had at least saved his stake; and he was happier than he would have been if he had not found the courage to risk it. He was able to contemplate the prospect of his return to Appleford, and all that it implied, with a resignation which was at least a very tolerable imitation of equanimity. He found himself appreciating from a new point of view the immense propriety, the fitness and security, of his match with his cousin Lady Hilda.

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## A DISCOURSE ON THE HOMILIES.

CHARLES KINGSLEY once made an observation to the effect that the clergy of the Church of England had had an undisturbed monopoly of her pulpits for three hundred years. This is true, and it is a long and honourable record. The sermon has become a British institution. Many great divines of brilliant parts and great learning have figured in this service; and although much precious discourse must doubtless have been lost to us, passing, like summer thunder, over the heads of the laity to oblivion, yet of recorded observation there is marvellous great store remaining. The lapse of years, the ebb and flow of public opinion, the steady march of intellect, the continuous, surprising, meteoric changes of the body politic, all these conspire to mould the form and substance of the ministrations, and to make it what it is. Why it should exist at all in its present avatar is one which perhaps occurs to some of us. It is to be supposed our ancestors felt likewise, after the delivery of one of those tremendous homilies commanded by Gloriana for the welfare of her subjects. But perhaps their attitude of mind differed from our own, as the homilies differ essentially from the discourses of to-day. The "old, godly Doctors" Cranmer, Latimer, and the rest, who compiled the portentous volume of the Homilies, had little thought of raising discussion; there is no chink or opening for cavil in their sweeping, categorical prologues, and they may stand as types of the preachers of their day.

To peruse the Homilies is to realise a sense of poignant contrast, of sharp division, between the troubled times in which they were written and our own. The practical, admonitory discourses are particularly edifying, forceful, pungent, direct, utterly plain-

spoken, marching a great array of arguments over a vast tract of country; the treatment of the subject in hand is ever picturesque, and written in noble English. All sounding names of great men and great sinners in Biblical and profane history serve to point the moral in hand; the shades of great kings and mighty captains are continually as it were hauled into the pulpit, and, being dead, are yet made to witness to truths they must have known but dimly in their lifetime.

Hear the preacher upon gluttony and drunkenness. "Now ye shall hear how foul a thing gluttony and drunkenness is before God, the rather to move you to use fasting the more diligently. . . . Holofernes, a mighty man and great captain, being overwhelmed with wine, had his head stricken from his shoulders by that silly woman Judith. Simon the High Priest, and his two sons, Mattathias and Judas, being entertained by Ptolomy the son of Abobus, who had before married Simon's daughter, after much eating and drinking, were traitorously murdered of their own kinsman. If the Israelites had not given themselves to belly-cheer, they had never so fallen to idolatry." Here be warnings indeed, and disquieting to the penitent withal; for if these great ones fell so lightly, how shall we, ("good Christian people") hope to escape the snare?

The preacher upon excess of apparel seems, through excess of zeal perhaps, to have somewhat over-stated his case. "The Israelites," he says, "were contented with such apparel as God gave them, although it were base and simple; and God so blessed them, that their shoes and clothes lasted them forty years; yea and those clothes which their fathers had worn, their children were contented to use

afterwards." This is a hard saying. Had the congregation taken the godly divine literally, it is open to doubt whether he would have commended them. Like Sir John, he would have had nought but "tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks," to church next Sunday.

In the sermon of the place and time of prayer, the preacher quotes with a profound contempt for its frivolity, a remark he overheard a certain woman make to her neighbour. "Alas, Gossip," said this misguided matron, "what shall we do at church since all the Saints are taken away, since all the goodly sights we were wont to have are gone, since we cannot hear the like piping, singing, chaunting, and playing upon the organ that we could before?" The preacher was perhaps a trifle hard upon the lady, (after all the observation was not addressed to him), but the heresy has survived his satire.

The inditer of the sermon on alms-deeds has left on record an admirable discourse; there is no special pleading in it, and the tone is highly dignified. "Most true is that saying which Augustine hath, *Via colli pauper est*. The poor man, saith he, is the way to Heaven. They used in times past, to set in highway-sides the picture of Mercury, pointing with his finger which was the right way to the town. And we used in cross-ways to set up a wooden or stone cross, to admonish the travelling man which way he must turn when he cometh thither, to direct his journey aright. But God's Word, (as Saint Augustine saith) hath set in the way to Heaven the poor man and his house, so that whoso will go aright thither, and not turn out of the way, must go by the poor." The preacher here becomes extremely doctrinal, and presently denunciatory. "And you, who have great plenty of meats and drinks, great store of moth-eaten apparel, yea, many of you great heaps of gold and silver; and he that hath least hath more than sufficient, now, in this time, when (thanks

be to God) no great famine doth oppress you, your children being well clothed and well fed, and no danger of dearth or famine to be feared, will rather cast doubts and perils of unlikely penury, than you will part with any piece of your superfluities to help and succour the poor hungry and naked Christ, that cometh to your doors a-begging." We have all heard sermons on the giving of alms. Nowadays they are not quite like this one, hardly so distinctly damnatory. There are no two ways about it with our author: you may go to heaven by the way of the Poor Man's House if you will, says he, and an excellent good road too; but an if you will not, there is nothing for you but *Acherontia regna*, the place where all things are forgotten.

In the sermon for Whitsunday, the Protestant divine somewhat irrelevantly, but with evident sincerity, shapes his discourse into a diatribe against Popes, past, present, and to come. "What shall we say," he demands with a sombre relish, "what shall we say of him that made the noble King Dandalus to be tied by the neck with a chain, and to lie flat down before his table, there to gnaw bones like a dog? Such a tyrant was Pope Clement the Sixth. What shall we say of him that came into his Popedom like a fox, that reigned like a lion, and died like a dog? Such a tyrant was Pope Boniface the Eighth. Many other examples might here be alleged. As of Pope Julius the Second, that wilfully cast Saint Peter's keys into the river Tiberis. Of Pope Urban the Sixth, that caused five Cardinals to be put in sacks and cruelly drowned." And so on, with many enticing details, until the imagination is glutted with criminal Popes, and the worthy divine winds up his discourse with a pious hope that they may be "utterly confounded and put to flight in all corners of the world." At any rate, the Bishop of Rome no longer plays Monte-Christo with his cardinals.

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of the sermon on the state of matrimony was unmarried. "How few matrimonies there be," he cries, "without chidings, brawlings, tauntings, repentings, bitter cursings, and fightings. The woman," he considers, "is a weak creature," "not indued with strength and constancy of mind," and "with a word soon stirred to wrath." These things, he advises, "should be considered of the man, that he be not too stiff, so that he ought to wink at some things, and must gently expound all things, and to forbear." But, "the common sort of men do judge that such moderation should not become a man." It is so. The common sort of man is still as obtuse as ever he was; the less common sort of man does sometimes condescend to expound things. A nice adjustment of the relations between husband and wife causes our author much searching of heart. He ranges freely through the canon, quoting example, instance, precept, and admonition; he does his utmost to be quite fair, to balance the scales with exactitude. If a woman should be so unfortunate as to be beaten by her husband, "it is the greatest shame that can be," "but she shall have no small commendation, if she can be quiet." At the same time, the husband must by no means run away with the idea that this is a venial offence. Not at all; "there shall be none so grievous fault to compel you to beat your wives." "Not even your maidservants," he adds, fearful of a possible loophole. "The Paynims," he goes on to remark, with a commendation rarely accorded to Paynims, "have made laws discharging the wife from living any longer" with a husband who treated her thus. This seems to him a somewhat extreme measure; it appears a more Christian procedure that the wife should remain to be beaten. But there are many passages in this discourse of much quaint beauty, well repaying perusal. "For though thou shouldst be grieved with never so many things, yet shalt

thou find nothing more grievous than to want the benevolence of thy wife at home." And our kindly doctor concludes as he began, with strait admonition to "give no occasion to the Devil to let and hinder your prayers by discord and dissension."

The last sermon in the tall thick folio is against wilful rebellion. It is stuffed full of records of the tragic end of traitors; no feigned excuse shall serve rebels; they can never prosper, and must always die dreadful deaths. "A frantic religion," we learn, "hath need of such furious maintenance as is rebellion;" a remark which might surely rank as a proverb. The following (and last) citation seems, as its author might have said, to be a sure remedy for a singular disease very rife at this time. "Let no good and discreet subjects therefore follow the flag or banner displayed to rebellion, and borne by rebels, though it have the image of the plough painted thereon, with God speed the plough written thereunder in great letters; knowing that none hinder the plough more than rebels, who will neither go to the plough themselves, nor suffer other that would go unto it."

And so we close the volume. The "old godly learned Doctors" who wrote and preached with such virility, are long since silent; they sleep quietly in the echoing cloisters of tall cathedrals, or under the open sky in lonely country churchyards, a mouldering stone casting a shadow athwart the daisied grass which carpets their place of sepulture. The Book of the Homilies is now but a name to most Christian congregations. Here and there, in shadowy corners of ancient churches, a brown old volume lies chained upon a desk, where few indeed look between the covers; the echo of those sonorous words and cumbrous militant sentences, which march as it were with a clang of arms, has died into the voiceless past.

Queen Elizabeth was very wise in her generation. It was never her way

to blink unpleasant truths, but rather to stare them in the face. So it was that, knowing the greater number of her clergy to be ignorant men unable to make a sermon worthily, she gave command to her masters of the craft to forge weapons for the armoury of their weaker brethren. It was a shrewd remedy, enforcing as it did a uniformity of doctrine irrespective of the personal opinions of the clergyman; but it is to be feared that the disease has outlived the doctors.

The great body of the clergy are no longer grossly ignorant; but with all their schooling, can they meet the distress of the time more successfully than their unlettered forefathers? It is easy to stereotype a doctrine in a new set of phrases, to paint it in a more alluring hue every succeeding Sunday; but the men who read the Homilies did better than that. The needs of their time were sharply exigent; they met them boldly with brave words; the vices of their age were gross and open, and the preacher spared not the lash of straightforward condemnation.

Nature the Sphinx is ever instant in demanding from man the solution of the riddles with which she darkens the air of this amazing world; and instinctively he seeks help for their unravelment in the teaching of his Church. By immemorial usage one day out of seven dawns for him, clean from all noise and dust of travail, wherein he may perchance rid himself of burdens. Like David the Hebrew King in similar case, he hies him to what used to be known as the House of the Lord. The contrast between the moral atmosphere of the familiar, toiling, joyful, sorrowing world in which he dwells and moves six days in the week, and this place which he enters but on the one, strikes a series of

contrasts strange as the shifting changes of a dream.

How he fares therein we have quite recently enjoyed the peculiar privilege of hearing from a bishop, who, wittily discoursing upon the sermons of the day, classified them with a humorous particularity and an admirable candour. The lay mind has welcomed this ecclesiastical outburst with effusion; a hundred journals have copied it into their pages with many ingenious comments. "This is what we would have said ourselves," they say in effect; "but from you it is really most appropriate." It is also most significant.

There are few indeed who would be bold enough to deny that the evil consequences and injustice of the existing system have not for long cried aloud for redress. Are these epithets too strong? The matter has a humorous side, in common with the most of the concerns of humanity. The point is, that it is this aspect alone which has excited the eloquence of a bishop; as to other considerations thereanent, he smilingly puts the question by. Not thus did bishops deal in sterner times. Not thus has the Roman (the Papist of the Homilies!) faced the position. Far otherwise indeed, for, recognising that to grapple with the complex crises of a troubled, stirring age demands the strictest training, the widest knowledge, the acutest intellect,—in a word, the highest art, he does not consider half a lifetime a long enough preparation for dialectics alone, for an oratory which shall administer to the necessities of a nation which is learning to think for itself.

It follows that the Roman Catholic Church maintains a heavy conflict against a legion of wily foes with marvellous success. The inference is perhaps sufficiently obvious; but it is not always the obvious which is soonest discerned.

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## A FOURFOOTED ODDITY.

SEPTEMBER 24th.—Once more I am strolling in that great meadow where just four months ago I saw the last of Billy. All along the crumbling banks of the stream the water-voles are flopping into the water just as they did on that afternoon; such sound of life to me is always pleasant, but I am now alone, and there is no little white rough-coated animal to share with me the gentle excitement. For eleven long years Billy and these water-voles knew each other well; on his side there was a constant anticipation of triumph; on theirs as persistent an assurance of escape. Once only in all those years did he realise the hope so often stirred afresh in his sanguine breast. One warm summer afternoon a large fat velvety vole had stretched himself for a nap on the grassy bank in the sun; Billy, a few yards in front of me, saw that at last his chance had come, and before I could interfere the soft creature had awakened only to be put to sleep for ever. It was the work of an instant; the life seemed to pass as swiftly as the king-fisher that darts by me and is gone round a bend of the stream. I took the vole up in my hands while Billy trotted on in search of another; the eyes were bright as jewels, the fur was clean and wholesome to the touch, without a trace of injury. It was no cruel end,—death following on sweet sleep with a bare flash of consciousness between them.

I raise my eyes from the stream and the next object that meets them again reminds me of my old companion. If he were here that little herd of young bullocks would be edging towards us, with a stupidly malicious curiosity written on their faces. Billy was wholly indifferent

to them; he knew them to be degraded, witless creatures, and would even let them come up and smell him before he deigned to put them to sudden and disgraceful flight. He knew that the secret was to turn upon them *suddenly*, and he emphasised this rapid change of policy with a howl so startling and diabolical that no fourfooted creature, save one of his own kind, could ever withstand it for a moment. That he might some day be tossed or trampled on never once entered into his calculations; and as he grew older and stiffer, if we had let ourselves be penned in the corner of a field, I used to take him in my arms and make a sudden charge upon the enemy. At the moment when we came within a yard or two of the most inquisitive bullock, Billy invariably uttered his terrific war-cry, and in an instant the foe was scattered.

Turning from the brook to cross the great meadow, I am swiftly carried back to the day when we had an exciting chase just here after a fine stoat. Billy surprised this little Bohemian in the very middle of the field, a hundred yards away from any covert; and with me to head him back from hedge and ditch, it looked for a while as though his hour had come. In vain he twisted and doubled; the pursuer pressed hard upon him. But then a strange thing happened; suddenly, at the most critical moment, he vanished utterly out of our sight. It was just as if he had donned an invisible coat, or had been danced away by the fairies of the greensward. We searched the ground carefully, Billy with his nose and I with my eyes; and we found that the little thief had known a trick we never thought of—he had vanished into his mother earth by way of a mole-run.

Not every stoat escaped Billy's vigilance; but once he was baffled by another manœuvre almost as astonishing as that of the mole-run. One hard winter day I was watching some birds, while Billy was trying to climb a tree after a squirrel, when I saw a rabbit emerge from a little wooded hollow hard by, and advance with a curious weariness into the open field. A yard or two behind the rabbit ran a twisting red snakelike creature, which I presently made out to be a stoat and his long waving tail. When about thirty yards away from me, the rabbit dropped down and seemed to resign himself quietly to his fate, and in an instant the stoat had leaped upon his neck. I whistled up Billy, who abandoned the squirrel and came with all speed to the front. At his approach the stoat left his victim and fled; then the tables were turned, and a furious chase followed, up and down, round and round, the quarry edging nearer and nearer to cover, till he suddenly vanished up a young tree some twelve or fifteen feet in height. The dog was fairly puzzled; the thing was done so adroitly, and with such amazing speed, that I myself can hardly say that I saw the stoat go up that tree. If I saw anything it was a sudden glint of red colour that came and went on the tree-stem. Nor could I see him in the tree; but a stone quickly brought him down, and after another brief chase he made his escape into the hollow. I turned to look for the rabbit; he had picked himself up, and was making for a covert at the other end of the field. Then I searched the spot where he had lain down to die, and found one tuft of fur on the grass. Billy had saved him from the very jaws of death.

I have been telling of strange disappearances, but the strangest of all was that of my old dog himself. Across the meadow, bounding it on the other side from the brook, is a deep and wide ditch, which all this spring and summer has been almost

dry; and at one point this ditch is hedged on both sides for some distance by tall over-grown thorn trees. On Sunday afternoon, May 21st, I was standing close to this hedge, looking at a yellow-hammer's nest, when I saw Billy for the last time. He was getting old and rheumatic, and even on a fine afternoon he often preferred to stay at home and guard the premises, lying on a favourite spot in the garden whence he could see and be seen from the village street, and relieving his feelings with a short bark when any one passed by. But this afternoon when I started for a walk he jumped up at once and followed me.

I was soon hot and tired on the glaring road, and turning into the meadow I strolled along the stream, while Billy pursued his customary line of duty by keeping an eye on the water-voles. When I found the nest, he was at my heels, scenting about in the tussocky grass; and since then I have never seen him, alive or dead. For a few minutes I did not miss him; then all my whistling failed to bring the little white figure into view from behind some distant hedge. But he knew so well how to take care of himself that I went homewards without misgiving, and it was only after an hour or two, when still no Billy burst into the room with his familiar salutations, that I roused myself to make inquiries. He was not on the premises, nor had he gone to afternoon tea at the one cottage where he had friends and descendants. Some one suggested that he might have been caught in a snare set for hares or rabbits, and I hurried off to search the place where I had last seen him.

Not a trace was to be seen of him in the open field, and I called and whistled to the empty air. If he had fallen into the stream in pursuit of voles I must easily have found him, for it was so low as to reveal every unsightly object in its bed. Not till I penetrated into the ditch through a gap in the tall hedge, did I come upon



any possible clue to his fate. There, half buried in the drying mud, was the ghastly carcase of a fox; it was stark and stiff, and must have been there some time; the head was stretched out, and the sharp teeth were protruding. And close to this horrid object was the mouth of a large drain-pipe, at least a foot in diameter. I could see at once by the look of the ground that this drain ran a long way up into the field; what more likely than that it should be a favourite retreat of foxes? The one in the ditch might have been caught in the pipe by a sudden flood of February rain, and swept out to decay where I found him lying.

Now Billy, as became a wire-haired fox-terrier who feared no living thing, was always much given to investigate the haunts of foxes, which are abundant in our neighbourhood. In my company he had had rare opportunities of watching the blue-eyed cubs at play, restrained from attacking them by the absolute control which I gradually acquired over him out of doors. Before that control was complete he once dived into a fox-hole, remained for twenty minutes in the bowels of the earth, and then only emerged, all yellow with sand, to vanish instantly into another hole. Even in his old age he one day turned up an old grey fox in a bit of gorse where I was looking for stonechats, and trundled after him on stiff legs with his own peculiar air of indignant contempt. And the sad conclusion forced itself upon me, as I stood looking at the dead fox and the drainpipe, that for once the old dog had miscalculated, or not calculated at all, that he had been attracted by the carcase in the ditch, had scented foxes up the drain, made his way up it, and met with a speedy and sportsmanlike end. *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras!*

Further inquiry confirmed this guess. It was confidently asserted by a man who worked hard by, that a vixen had taken up her abode in the drain. Some indeed thought that

once in the pipe the dog had failed to make his way back again, but this I refused, and still refuse, to believe. At great labour and cost we might have opened the drain for some distance, but this was not to be done on the Sunday on which he vanished, and as no sound could be heard up the pipe, and repeated search failed to reveal any fresh clue, I next morning gave up all hope of seeing him again. *Requiescat in pace*,—in his drainpipe, a sepulchre not unmeet for an aged hunter. Let me think of him as spirited away from me in that great meadow, his happy hunting-ground while he lived,—caught away while no eye was upon him, like Romulus of old in the Campus Martius. And as all his life his ways were his own, I like to think that he languished on no sick-bed like a common dog, but chose to depart suddenly from my side before old age had quite disabled him.

I have never found my fondness for animals turning into sentimentality, and I am not now going to drop a tear on that drain. By one emotional friend of his Billy's decease was said to have "cast a gloom over the whole village"; but I am much disposed to think that those who really grieved were very few, and that his many enemies rejoiced. And it must be allowed that there was nothing in this dog to excite sentiment in any human breast. He despised all uncalled-for display of affection; what was proper to be done when his master returned home he would do with the most genuine zeal, and would then suddenly resume his ordinary staid demeanour. He could not bear to be nursed; he never begged, or jumped on your knee. When in an unusually happy frame of mind, he would occasionally rub his head against my legs, but beyond this he did not trust himself to go. He never was a trouble in the house, like the fidgety little smooth-haired terriers; he had a just perception, not only of his own dignity, but of his master's need of quiet. If a gentleman may be defined as one who

never takes a liberty, Billy was a gentleman.

Nor was his outward appearance of a kind to inspire emotion. His wiry white hair was extraordinarily long on his neck and shoulders, like a lion's mane, and was a most effective armour against the attacks of his enemies; but it fell away on his flanks as he grew older, and became at last so short as to give him the appearance of having been shaved. I frequently pointed out this defect to him, and the tacit answer was always the same, that his nature required it and so it must be. So with his ears; while one drooped gracefully, the other stood stark upright, and had tempted his most deadly foe to bite a mouthful out of it; and this incongruity, together with some slight difference of colour, gave to one side of his face the aspect of a damaged warrior, and to the other that of a mild infant. Tail he had none to speak of, and he was also "underhung." No one could readily have guessed that he came of a good stock; yet within that quaint little carcase there was a mind worth making acquaintance with.

Not that he was what is called a clever dog; I should rather have said that his apprehension was slow. I taught him one "trick," and then we came mutually to the conclusion that tricks were beneath his dignity. But if not clever, he certainly had an odd kind of intelligence all his own. His native obstinacy, which was intense, and well expressed in his ears and coat, combined with a rigid training to develop in him an extraordinary tenacity of habit. When once he got an idea in his head, it was not only fixed there for ever, but carried out to its logical results in ways which frequently puzzled me. So stubborn was his nature, that our relations were a series of compromises; my sway over him was so far limited that it was an absolutism grounded on the immutable laws of his own nature. Thrown together as we were for so many years, and often alone for days

together, we came to recognise and act upon each other's strong and weak points. In non-essentials I never forced his obstinacy, but where he had to be bent to my necessities I did not spare the rod, and he felt the degradation so keenly that it was rarely needed twice. So it was that he learnt to obey certain signals in our walks, which prevented him from disturbing any birds which I happened to wish to observe.

The strange power of the association of ideas was never presented to me either in man or beast so forcibly as in Billy. When I first took him to Oxford he lived in a little yard opposite the college gate, where we made him snug with plenty of straw and fixed him up with a light chain. This chain must have made a deep impression on his mind; all his attempts to avoid it came to nothing, and at last it associated itself so firmly in his mind with rest and food, that when we ceased to use it he never noticed the change. Though perfectly free, he woke up every morning firmly believing that he was still chained. When I went to call him for a stroll after breakfast, though burning with desire to come, he would lie in his straw and look at me ruefully. "What's the use of calling, when you see I can't come!" he plainly seemed to say; and every morning I had to make believe to unfasten him before he would rush barking into the street. His delight at this imaginary release never once failed him, and he signalled it by startling some listless errand-boy with a sudden outbreak of his war-cry, or by tearing to pieces the nerves of some old lady who might be passing at the moment.

One day I succeeded in turning this delusion of his to good account. I took him into the Parks, and seeing that a cricket-match was going on, I turned in that direction; but was presently confronted with a notice that no dogs were allowed on the ground. A handy row of hurdles suggested to me that I might tie

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Billy up to them, but I had no string, —only my pocket-handkerchief. But the handkerchief on my part, and the delusion on his, were quite sufficient for my purpose. I brought him to the hurdles, passed the handkerchief through his collar, and pretended to fasten it, while I really whipped it into my pocket again. Then I spent an hour looking at the cricket, and when I returned, my little white dog was still where I had left him, with his head leaning up against the hurdles.

The strictly logical character of his reasoning led him into another habit of which I could not at first understand the meaning. I had always been accustomed, if he failed to appear when I was starting for a walk, to ask him on my return where he had been, and whether he had been up to any mischief; and the tone in which these questions were put appealed very strongly to his moral sense. But I was a little discomfited to find that he had extended the idea of delinquency to *every* absence of mine, no matter how long it had lasted. When I returned home and came in sight of the house, I always saw him looking out for me (he knew of course when I was expected), but no whistling or calling could ever entice him to run and welcome me. He lay there sadly and silently, in the full consciousness that he ought to have been with me all the time, and evidently doubtful of his reception. Only when I had put it beyond doubt that I was not displeased with him would he suddenly recover his spirits, and rush in frantic delight all round the garden and through the house.

Billy came to me one October in the country when he was a month old, a very quaint-looking puppy; he passed his infancy and childhood there, but when he had grown up, and showed some signs of getting into bad habits and company, I decided that he must take a course of "the higher education," and brought him with me in the following October term to matriculate

at Oxford. From this time he kept his terms regularly for no less than nine years, and only retired from the University when he became stiff and rheumatic with advancing age. At first he lived entirely in the aforesaid yard, but he gradually acquired the status of a privileged dog, spent his afternoons in my room, and often finished his day in the society of the Fellows before the Common-room fire. He may even be said to have taken his Master's degree, for he showed such a decided partiality for an old M.A. gown of mine, that it became wholly appropriated to his use; and nothing could ever induce him to repose quietly on my armchair, or even in his own basket, unless this gown were spread for him beforehand. All these privileges he valued very highly, and if any strange dog, no matter how big, ventured to intrude himself within the sacred precincts of the college, a word from me was sufficient to send Billy flying at him with such a sudden access of fury as never failed to quench his curiosity for ever.

Before he had been long at the University I began to notice in him an increased seriousness of demeanour, and a certain discrimination in his choice of friends, such as are not always characteristic of the human undergraduate. For Heads of colleges he showed a profound respect, and would single them out for special attention during a walk round the Park. To this rule, however, the Head of his own college was, I regret to say, an exception, for he too possessed a dog who was naturally a thorn in Billy's side. Among professors and lecturers I am inclined to think that he preferred the philosophers. His selection of undergraduate friends, on the other hand, was not based on any recognition of their intellectual attainments; the "pale student" he regarded with indifference, if not with aversion, and he extended his good-will more readily to the honest fellow of a sporting turn, or to the scholar who did his duty

without overdoing it. When such pupils came into my room, he would generally get up and welcome them; of the others he would take no notice, or growled if they made advances to him. Once only he showed for a while some tendency to prefer the undergraduate to the don, and insisted on spending much of his time with a Devonshire lad living over my head, who seemed to have some strange attraction for him. For the college porter he had a lively affection, grateful for much care and kindness; but neither undergraduate nor porter ever wholly weaned him from his dignified repose on the old M.A. gown. He was thoroughly loyal to his own college, and showed his loyalty, as many of his friends will remember, by refusing to accept food from a member of any other. Indeed I half suspect that the name of that college took shape in his mind as a verb imperative or permissive, meaning simply to eat.

Of literary society he saw something, without betraying any *mauvaise honte*. One valued friend indeed, whose sympathies are too entirely human, failed to appreciate his worth, and was repaid with comparative neglect; but he has made up for it since by some choice and touching Latin elegiacs dedicated to the memory of the vanished one; *Sublatum ex oculis querimus invidi*. Among English poets Billy could reckon two as his casual acquaintances; and he was equally at home with a commentator on Aristotle's Ethics or with an editor of Cicero's Letters. Even with the editor of this Magazine, who honoured him with special attention, he showed no visible uneasiness; and more than

once accompanied him to those classic hills, whence "the eye travels down to Oxford towers," to lie on the heather till disturbed by gamekeepers, or to battle with the snow on "the white brow of the Cumnor range."

Billy's vacations were spent in the country, and he was my companion in all my rambles after birds. But it is perhaps with Oxford that I shall most closely associate his memory; for in all the three admirable photographs of him which I possess he appears in his capacity as a college dog. Two of them are college groups, where he is conspicuous among sixty or seventy figures; in the third and best he is associated with five grave dons, of whom three are now professors in different parts of the world, and the third is the headmaster of a famous school. Even here his appearance is in perfect keeping with his surroundings. He has an air of gravity, if not of learning; he seems to share the sense of responsibility which shows itself in the composed and thoughtful features of his distinguished friends. Yet there is just that touch of pathos about his expression which reminds one that it is after all only a dog and a dependant,—a pathos that combines a little oddly with his sturdy frame and stubborn hair. But it is as an oddity that he will be remembered by all who were admitted to his friendship; an honest, blunt, warm-hearted oddity, quaint alike in his many virtues, and in those frequent shortcomings without which he would have been no true dog.

W. WARDE FOWLER.

## LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

## I.

From St. Iago's wealthy port, from Havan-  
nah's royal fort,

The seaman goes forth without fear;  
For since that stormy night not a mortal  
hath had sight  
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

HAS Mr. Stevenson brought the Brethren of the Coast into fashion again? To be sure, his wooden-legged rascal John Silver was no true buccaneer, any more than was the hero of Kingsley's sentimental ballad. But the public when it is pleased does not care to consider too curiously, and very wisely refuses to concern itself with any nice distinction between the genuine buccaneers of the seventeenth century and the tawdry ruffians who succeeded them, the followers of Blackbeard, Kidd, Avery, and the like, who swagger in right Adelphi fashion through Charles Johnson's pages. Something at all events must surely have happened, or somebody spoken with the voice of authority, to call two new editions of *The Buccaneers of America* into the market within the space of two years. The earlier of the pair, published in 1891 in the Adventure Series, was indeed but a half-hearted affair. It gave but a garbled version of Esquemeling's once famous book, while the narrative of Basil Ringrose, who, in conjunction with Dampier, supplies the last English chapter of the eventful history, was altogether wanting, its place being taken by the exploits of the aforesaid pirates. But within these last days a perfect reprint of the old English translation of Esquemeling's book has been published, together with Ringrose's narrative, a reprint in fact

of the first English edition (1684-5) of a work which in various languages and under various forms maintained its popularity undiminished for nearly a century and a half. In a note to the first canto of *Rokeby*, on the character of Bertram, Scott, after giving a brief sketch of the brotherhood, refers the curious reader to Raynal or to "the common and popular book called *The History of the Bucaniers*." Raynal was a French abbé who about the middle of last century wrote a learned and extremely voluminous history of the European settlements in the East and West Indies, which was translated into eight English volumes by one Justamond in 1783. The edition of the common and popular book used by Scott may either have been the version published at Glasgow in 1782, or the more genuine thing reprinted in Walker's British Classics in 1810, two years before *Rokeby's* birth.

The editor of this new edition is Mr. Henry Powell. In his introduction he traces the rise and growth of the wild brotherhood, from the harmless cattle-hunters of Tortuga (the original *boucaniers*) to that organised society which under its chosen leaders harried the Spanish Main from Campeachy to the Caracas for upwards of half a century, twice sacked the golden city of Panama, and sailed the great South Sea in triumph from San Salvador to the Horn. His history is sufficient enough so far as it goes, much more so at all events than therodomontade which does duty for history in the Adventure Series; but one would have been pleased to find him using the two volumes of State Papers (*Colonial Series, America and*

*West Indies*, 1661-68 and 1669-74) recently published by Government under the editorship of Mr. Noel Sainsbury of the Public Record Office. This has never yet, so far as I know, been done; when it is done, if ever, those modern precisians who affect to consider the old Dutchman as a mere gasconading swash-buckler, may be surprised to find how far his strange story is corroborated by the authentic documents of history.

In other respects the edition is all it need be. A reviewer has found fault with it because it does not contain all that Walker's edition contains. But this is surely unreasonable. It professes to be the reprint of a particular edition published one hundred and twenty-six years before Walker's, and sixty years before the most important addition to his collection (the *voyage* of Ravenau de Lussan) had been printed. It would be as reasonable to blame a reprint of Shakespeare's first folio for not containing Doctor Johnson's preface and Malone's notes. Many of the old illustrations are reproduced from the old English plates, many of which in their turn came from the Dutch original. On this side the Dutchmen have, I think, the best of us. Their old woodcuts of Spanish Furies and the like had familiarised them to this tumultuous form of art, and their scene of the sack of Panama is certainly a much more terrific affair than the Englishmen's storm of Puerto del Principe. But the portraits are the same. They are all here, those famous captains, Bartholomew Portugues, Rock Brasiliano, the cannibal L'Ollonais, and, greatest of them all, Sir Henry Morgan.

Much in the stranger's mien appears  
To justify suspicious fears.

But Bertram might in sooth have been the good and gentle friend his craven host called him, when matched with these desperadoes; for unless the artist has wronged them foully,

they were assuredly the most thorough-paced ruffians

That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,

as indeed there is abundant reason to believe that most, if not all of them were. How the brute L'Ollonais won his evil name may also be seen wrought with an uncompromising literalness that the most advanced disciple of the modern realistic school would find it hard to beat. It is a grisly tale, but after seeing the hero's portrait it is no hard matter to believe it true. This is how it goes in the English version; in the French it is discreetly omitted. L'Ollonais, steering from Cuba for Nicaragua, had been driven on to the coast of Honduras. Having sacked Puerto Cavallo, and burned the town, he was on his march to San Pedro, when he fell in with an ambuscade which he defeated after a sharp brush, and as usual put all the wounded to death.

There were still remaining some few prisoners who were not wounded. These were asked by L'Ollonais if any more Spaniards did lie further on in ambuscade? To whom they answered, there were. Then he commanded them to be brought before him, one by one, and asked if there was no other way to be found to the town but that? This he did out of a design to excuse, if possible, those ambuscades [the translator meant, I suppose, to *avoid* them]. But they all constantly answered him, they knew none. Having asked them all, and finding they could show him no other way, L'Ollonais grew outrageously passionate; inasmuch that he drew his cutlass, and with it cut open the breast of one of these poor Spaniards, and pulling out his heart with his sacrilegious hands, began to bite and gnaw it with his teeth, like a ravenous wolf, saying to the rest: *I will serve you all alike if you show me not another way.*

This L'Ollonais, by the way (as he was called from his birthplace, Sables d'Olonne, off the coast of Vendée, for his real name is never mentioned, and possibly was not known), if half the tales told of him be true, was a worthy ancestor of the ruffian Edward Low,



who somewhere in the first quarter of the eighteenth century is said to have whipped the crew of an American whaler naked about the deck, and made the master eat his own ears with pepper and salt. More interesting perhaps to sober readers than these murderous records, and certainly more convincing, are the old charts and maps which illustrate Ringrose's narrative. They would not materially help us to navigate those seas to-day, and suggest that the Spaniards were not the only obstacles, nor perhaps the worst, that Captain Sharp and his merry men had to encounter. In fine, the volume is a very sufficient reprint of an extremely curious book which can only be bought now with difficulty and at a price.

A wild book it assuredly is, reeking of blood and brandy and gunpowder, yet with a strange, half savage sort of romance about it.

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,  
roaring deeps, and fiery sands,  
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and  
sinking ships, and praying hands.

This is the general key, while, as a relief from the more violent passages, rise the mad revels at Port Royal and the chink of the pieces of eight. It is difficult, probably it is not possible, to determine exactly how far Esquemeling and his translators may be trusted, for reasons to be presently mentioned. But man for man there seems to have been little to choose between the Brethren of the Coast (as they seem to have preferred to call themselves) the original buccaneers, or privateers (to give them their official name), and their descendants, the pirates of New Providence and Madagascar, who were not finally swept from the sea till the early years of the present century, as the delectable pages of Michael Scott remain to this day to testify. Certainly neither Mansfield nor Morgan, perhaps not even L'Ollonais nor Montbars "the Exterminator," would ever have condescended to such vulgar

pranks as those with which Teach for instance (the notorious Blackbeard) sought to maintain his authority. But in the character of their exploits and in their own brutal natures, buccaneer and pirate must have been much of a piece. Both aimed only at plunder, both were equally careless how they won it, and both flung it away when won in the same mad insensate riot. Yet there were certain points about the buccaneers which distinguished them from the mere pirate, and have given to their career something of the dignity of history. In the height of their power they warred only against the enemies of England, and chiefly against the Spaniard, who still professed a shadowy claim to the empire of the New World, and who had indeed originally supplied them with some excuse for their reprisals. Finally they were found uncommonly useful allies by the English in their wars with the various nations who had found a footing in the Caribbean Seas and on the Main. For nearly forty years, from the Restoration to the Peace of Ryswick, many of their most notorious exploits were performed under commission of the Governors of Jamaica, though in England it was occasionally found convenient to repudiate these commissions, just as in the previous century Elizabeth had often found it convenient to repudiate her share in the exploits of Drake and Hawkins. The buccaneers in fact held in some sort an analogous position to our Indian allies in the Canadian wars of the following century; they were men who did much useful if rather dirty work, and whom it was expedient to let do it in their own fashion without asking inconvenient questions. When Morgan, for instance, was sent home prisoner after the sack of Panama, he took with him a testimonial from the officer then in command at Jamaica to Secretary Arlington. What may be thought of his conduct at home, the writer will not presume to guess; but here, he has

received "very high and honourable applause for his noble service." He is indeed "a very well deserving person, and one of great courage and conduct, who may, with his Majesty's pleasure, perform good public service at home, or be very advantageous to this island if war should again break forth with the Spaniard." Throughout a considerable part of the seventeenth century, then, the buccaneers do undoubtedly help to furnish a most curious and by no means unimportant chapter in the colonial history of four great nations. But this is too large a subject for a note-book; perhaps I may find some other opportunity for treating it more adequately. Meanwhile there is old Esquemeling, who, though neither his literary nor his historical value may be of first-rate significance, is not to be dismissed as a mere story-teller. He must be read with discrimination, no doubt, and this can now be done, as I have said, on many points, with the help of Mr. Sainsbury. But even as he stands, and making every allowance for his untrained intelligence, and for a certain Herodotean credulousness which belonged to the time perhaps as much as to the man, it is impossible to doubt that we have in the part of his story written from personal knowledge the substance of a genuine narrative.

## II.

And Esquemeling's book, or at least that version of it which we read under its English title of *The Buccaneers of America*, has a curious history of its own. Nothing seems to be known of the author beyond what he has himself chosen to tell us. About his nationality, even about his name, there has been much confusion, which in some quarters seems still to prevail. Yet the facts, so far as his own word goes, are clear enough. He was a Dutchman who sailed from Havre de Grace for Tortuga in May, 1666, as a

servant in the French West India Company, which had been recently founded to manage in the interests of the crown the French possessions in the Caribbean seas. Among them was Tortuga, a little island off the north coast of Hispaniola and the original home of the *boucaniers*, or cattle-hunters, from whom the brotherhood took its name—a name, by the way, which seems to have been very little used among themselves. The Company was not at first very successful, finding some difficulty in maintaining commercial relations with their lawless customers, who were willing enough to call themselves subjects of the French king, but would submit to no interference with their trade, which was regulated by principles, or a want of principles, peculiarly their own. Shortly after Esquemeling's arrival at Tortuga, then governed by M. d'Ogeron, orders were issued to wind up the Company's affairs in the island and to sell all its property including the servants. Esquemeling was accordingly sold with the rest, first to the governor, who treated him, he says, brutally, and then to a surgeon, who proved a kindlier master, and eventually gave him his liberty. After this he turned buccaneer, or sea-rover, as he calls it, "Being like unto Adam when he was first created by the hands of his Maker,—that is, naked and destitute of all human necessities, nor knowing how to get my living." He does not name the year of his admission into the society; but it could not have been before 1667, and was probably later. He left them in 1672, returned to his native country, and published his book at Amsterdam in 1678. These dates make at least one thing clear; although he assures his readers that he shall give them no stories on hearsay, but only "those enterprises to which I was myself an eye-witness," Morgan was the only captain of whom he can have had any personal knowledge. Bartholomew the Portuguese. Rock the Bra-

zilian (who was really a Dutchman), Montbars, L'Ollonais (of whom he gives a most circumstantial history), were all dead before he landed in the West Indies; Edward Mansfield (whom he calls Mansveldt) died in the summer of 1668, and Henry Morgan was then chosen in his place.

The translators set to work on *De Americaensche Zee-Rovers* at once, and played havoc with the poor author as well as with his book. The first in the field was Alonso de Bonne-Maison, a Spanish doctor practising at Amsterdam. His version was published in 1681, soon ran through three editions, and seems to have been the basis of all subsequent translations. The author is there called J. Esquemeling, a Frenchman. The confusion in the nationality is, as I have shown, intelligible, but on the Dutch title-page the name stands clear enough, A. O. Exquemelin, the initials, according to the French translation (Paris, 1686) signifying Alexander Oliver, though the surname is there perverted into Oexmelin. The Englishmen have followed the Spaniards' lead, and always call the poor man John, when they do not call him Joseph, while his surname has undergone many transformations, Esquemeling being the most common and the one now generally adopted.

This confusion has been elaborated by a writer of our own time. In the preface to his *Monarchs of the Main* (1855) Walter Thornbury not only splits the unhappy Dutchman into two, but assigns to each part a separate volume. The passage is a curious example of bibliography.

The chief records of Buccaneer adventurers [he writes] are drawn literally from only three books [here he gets near the truth, though he characteristically proves his three to be four]. The first of these is Oexmelin's *Histoire des Aventuriers*, Paris, 1688. Oexmelin was a Frenchman who went out to St. Domingo as a planter's apprentice or *engagé*, and eventually became surgeon in the Buccaneer fleet, knew L'Ollonais, and accompanied Sir Henry Morgan to Panama. The second is Esquemeling's *Zee Rovers*,

Amsterdam, 1684—a book constantly mistaken by booksellers and in catalogues for Oexmelin. Esquemeling was a Dutch *engagé* at St. Domingo, and his book is an English translation from the Dutch. The writer appears of humbler birth than Oexmelin, but served also at Panama.

Why the Dutchman Esquemeling should have published an English translation of a Dutch book at Amsterdam in 1684, when he had already published a book in his own tongue on the same subject at the same place in 1678; why he should have given his English translation a Dutch title; why he should rank second in authority to the Frenchman Oexmelin when he published four (or really ten) years before him; all these things and many others in Mr. Thornbury's bibliography are mysteries which he does not and I cannot explain. However, his volumes, though confused in their chronology and written in a somewhat haphazard style, are full of entertaining stuff for those whose literary stomachs are not too squeamish, and on the whole supply the most complete history of these monarchs in the language. A writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* warns us against both Esquemeling and Thornbury, and even against Dampier and Ringrose, bidding us put our trust only in Captain Burney, the fourth volume of whose *Chronological History of the Voyages and Discoveries in the South Seas* is devoted to the buccaneers. But in fact both Burney and Thornbury use the same sources and tell the same tale; the difference between them being that Thornbury writes like a born story-teller determined to be entertaining at all hazards, and Burney like one of our own scientific historians, determined to be entertaining at no hazard. If to be dull is to be accurate (as many seem to think), then assuredly Captain Burney (honest man) has reached the highest pitch of accuracy attainable by mortal man.

But to return to our translators. The first English version was published

in 1684, "by William Croke at the Green Dragon without Temple-bar;" all our translations are anonymous, so I shall specify them by the names of their publishers. He seems to have used the Spanish version, though he may have collated it with the Dutch original; his preface as well as his title-page suggest that he did both. It was soon sold out and a second edition called for within three months. To this was added a version of the exploits of Sharp, Sawkins, and others in the South Seas, imparted to the translator, he says, by some gentlemen at Wapping. This was in fact Ringrose's original narrative, and these communicative gentlemen were no doubt Sharp and such of his crew as had not been hanged in Jamaica. They had landed in England in 1682, and after trial, at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, and acquittal, partly on the ground of insufficient evidence and partly as having acted in self-defence, were idling away their time among the taverns of Wapping till some fresh turn of fortune's wheel should steer them again into the golden sea. A third edition followed hard on the heels of the second, and in that Ringrose's narrative was printed as it may now be read, after passing through the hands of the circumspect Sharp.

Meanwhile some patriotic, but also nameless Englishman had taken fire. This version of Mr. Croke's, he declared, was but "a copy from a sophisticated copy of a sorry original," a thing "jobbed up between a Frenchman and a Hollander, the first furnishing the matter and the latter the disposition and ornaments." How he got his idea of a joint partnership we have seen. In his *sophisticated copy* there was more meaning. A Spaniard would not be likely to spare the English. With a lively recollection of certain paraphrases and versions of Las Casas's *Brevissima Relacion de la Destruccion de las Indias* (Seville, 1552) sent forth at divers times from the English press—*A Brief Chronicle*

*of the Actes and Gestes of the Spaniards in the West Indies, &c.* (1583), *The Tears of the Indians* (1656), and so forth—he might well feel that the Lord had now delivered the Lutheran dogs into his hands. As a matter of fact Esquemeling was treated very cavalierly by all his translators, each one adding what he pleased to the credit of his own countrymen (as credit went in those matters) and sometimes what he could to the discredit of the other nations. Accordingly our friend set to work on a version of his own which was published at the close of the same year, 1684, "by Thomas Malthus at the Sun in the Poultry." It has been "very much corrected from the original by the relation of some English gentlemen that have resided in those parts," (no doubt also now resident at Wapping), and is of course the only true account. Moreover, now that it has been cleared of "all the filth and ordure" with which "sophisticated or ignorant" translators had overloaded it, it is a piece as "agreeable to and necessary for an English reader as any this age has produced." Yet an uneasy consciousness seems to oppress our patrit that after all he has not made out so good a case for his countrymen as he had hoped. Our men, he says, were not the barbarians others have called them; and if they were occasionally cruel, "they were only instruments of Divine vengeance for the punishing those enormous crimes and unparallel'd barbarities committed by that nation upon a naked, defenceless sort of people," and at the worst were "mere infants, mere novices in cruelty in comparison with the Spaniards." But in point of fact there is very little to choose between the two versions. The earlier one is much the most elaborate and the most entertaining, the "only true account" being in truth but a sorry little piece of hack-work scarce rising above the substance of a pamphlet.

The chief object of Malthus's version is to rehabilitate the character

of Morgan, whom he declares to have been foully aspersed by his predecessor. That valiant Welshman is the central figure in all the translations; but with Malthus it is Morgan all the way, the other captains being little more than named. The book is dedicated to him, and in no vulgar prose. Let, says our poet, somewhat obscurely, it must be confessed,

Let but the English Red-coats fire a gun,  
One makes their foes to tremble, t' other  
run.

This is a general proposition; the particular proof follows.

Let the great Morgan, our fam'd Buccaneer,  
In his late Enterprise make this appear,  
Who with a handful of brave Englishmen  
Frighted the whole America of Spain.

\* \* \*

Great Morgan's Fame shall last as long as  
there  
Is beat of Drum, or any sound to War.

After all these professions, however, the two Morgans seem to be very much of a piece. According to Crooke's version, Morgan himself set fire to Panama, and finding his men grumbling at him for it, tried to persuade them that it was the Spaniards' work. This, says Malthus, is a gross calumny. Morgan did not fire Panama, but on the contrary did all he could to save it. The town was fired by the governor himself to balk the English. Certainly this is Morgan's own story, as told in the report furnished by him to the governor of Jamaica, for this, the most notable of all Morgan's exploits, was done under commission from His Excellency Sir Thomas Modyford.

In the city [so runs the report] they had 200 fresh men, two forts, all the streets barricaded, and great guns in every street, which in all amounted to 32 brass guns, but instead of fighting commanded it to be fired, and blew up the chief fort, which was done in such haste that 40 of their own soldiers were blown up. In the market-place some resistance was made, but at 3 o'clock they had quiet possession of the

city, although on fire, with no more loss in this day's work than five killed and 10 wounded, and of the enemy about 400. They endeavoured to put out the fire, but in vain, for all was consumed by 12 at night, but two churches and 300 houses in the suburbs. Thus was consumed the famous and ancient city of Panama, which is the greatest mart for silver and gold in the whole world, for it receives all the goods that come from Spain in the King's great fleet, and delivers all the gold and silver that comes from the mines of Peru and Potosi.

If Morgan's official reports of his actions may be implicitly trusted, he must have been as mild-mannered as a man almost as Lambro himself. At Puerto el Principe, for instance, he behaved with extraordinary moderation, taking no prisoners, doing the town no harm, and contenting himself with a ransom of a thousand beeves. At Porto Bello, again, where he was indeed obliged to put the greater part of the garrison to the sword owing to their unreasonable objection to his men living at free quarters in the town, his conduct was something phenomenal for those days, even in what may be called civilised warfare. And this is especially curious, for Esquemeling, in his narrative of the sack of Panama, gives a long and extremely circumstantial account of his captain's "disorderly conduct" towards a certain beautiful Spanish lady. Having told how promises, presents, threats, and imprisonment, proved alike unable to shake this heroine's virtue, he concludes: "I myself was an eye-witness to these things here related, and could never have judged such constancy of mind and virtuous chastity to be found in the world, if my own eyes and ears had not informed me thereof." But now let Morgan speak for himself:

Having several ladies of great quality and other prisoners they were proffered their liberty to go to the President's camp, but they refused, saying they were now prisoners to a person of quality, who was more tender of their honours than they doubted to find in the President's camp among his rude Panama soldiers, and so

voluntarily continued with them till the surrender of the town and castles, when with many thanks and good wishes they repaired to their former houses.

These things, he says, he is particular to relate, to vindicate himself from the scandal of his enemies. Which reports are we to believe? Somebody, Dutchman, Spaniard, or Englishman, must clearly have made a mistake. Our State Papers certainly tell some very queer stories of these valiant rovers, especially of their treatment of prisoners, though some are allowed to be "well-bred," and the worst, it is hinted, are not of English blood though sailing under English commissions. Perhaps Morgan was the exception to what one can hardly doubt to have been a pretty general rule. Bryan Edwards, the historian of the West Indies, declares that he had seen private letters from the buccaneer captain so full of humanity, justice, and piety, that it was impossible to believe him the monster he had been painted. Was he not, moreover, knighted by the king and a deputy-governor of Jamaica? For the letters we must take Mr. Edwards' word, for he quotes no line of them; but Morgan, after having been sent home as prisoner to answer for the affair at Panama (which caused a terrible outcry in Spain, as having been commissioned by the orgulous Modyford after peace had actually been signed) seems to have ended his life in the odour of respectability as Sir Henry and deputy-governor of Jamaica. The appointment may (one cannot help thinking) have been made on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief, for in 1670 there was to be peace beyond the Line at last, and the buccaneers (until the peace was next broken) could no longer be tolerated. And Sir Henry undoubtedly justified his appointment by stringing up every one of his old comrades he could lay hands on. But Morgan's character is a riddle, the complete key to which is unlikely now to come into our hands. At least there can be no question that he was an ex-

remely able man, with great talents for organisation and generalship, brave, sagacious, and resolute. For the rest, we may fairly give him the benefit of the doubt, and believe, with the historian of Jamaica, that he was not so black as he has been painted (which, to be sure, might not leave him very white). Yet I cannot help suspecting that had he been so full of the milk of human kindness as Mr. Edwards seems to have found him in his letters, he would hardly have been chosen by the buccaneers for their captain, or commissioned by Modyford to take order (as the old phrase went) with the enemies of England.

At any rate Malthus does not seem to have succeeded in ousting Crooke from favour. I cannot find that his version was ever reprinted, whereas the other passed through many editions and indeed in one shape or another may be said to have been current ever since. The first French translation was published in 1688 at Paris, and was more than once reprinted in that century. A new edition was issued at Trevoux in 1744, *augmentée de l'Histoire des pirates Anglois, traduite de l'Anglois du Capitaine C. Johnson*, and, which was much more valuable, with the narrative of the voyage of *Sieur Ravenau de Lussan* in the South Sea. This de Lussan was a young French gentleman of quality who, having fallen into debt resolved to discharge it (like an honest gentleman, as one of his biographers quaintly remarks) by turning buccaneer, which he accordingly did, about the time that the English left those seas, and continued to follow that hazardous profession for the space of some four or five years, with what pecuniary result to his creditors we are not told, but apparently with much personal discomfort to himself. A translation of his story will be found in Walker's edition (1810) and one also of the exploits of Captain Montauban, another French hero who, according to his own ac-



count, harried the English in most triumphant fashion up and down the Caribbean Sea and on the Guinea coast about the year 1695. Two years later, and with the treaty signed at Ryswick between the four great maritime nations, England, Spain, France, and Holland, the occupation of the buccaneers, at least as recognised belligerents, was practically gone. They had never really recovered from Morgan's defection, and this was their death-blow. During the early years of the war of the Spanish Succession they flit at intervals over the familiar scene, but only in feeble guise, mere ghosts of their old truculent selves. With the Peace of Ryswick the Brethren of the Coast may be said to have hauled down their flag; and with the fortunes of their successors, the heroes of the Skull and Crossbones, the Jolly Roger, the Black Spot, and other such tawdry properties dear to the modern story-teller, our old authors are not concerned. Both Esquemeling and Ringrose were dead long before the change came; the Dutchman, for aught I know, dying in his bed like an honest burgher of Amsterdam, and the Englishmen falling in a foray on the Mexican coast in 1686. "He had no mind to this voyage," writes his friend Dampier pathetically; "but was necessitated to engage in it or starve."

### III.

It has always seemed to me curious that two men on many points so dissimilar as Macaulay and Charles Kingsley should each have selected the same subject for a poem. That Kingsley should have written a ballad on the buccaneers is indeed not curious. The West Indies and all belonging to them had been, as Mr. Froude says, the passion of his life: "He had followed the logs and journals of the Elizabethan adventurers till he had made their genius part of himself"; and it was but

natural that the author of *Westward Ho!* should follow down to its latest development the lineage of his early heroes, of Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh, of Amyas Leigh and Salvation Yeo. He himself has traced for us the genesis of his ballad, and one of his friends has described the circumstances of its birth.

A day rises vividly to memory, when Kingsley remained shut up in the study during the afternoon, the door bolted, inaccessible to all interruption. The drowsy hour had come on between the lights, when it was time to dress for dinner, and talk, without the great inspirer of it, was growing disjointed and fragmentary, when he came in from the study, a paper yet undried in his hand, and read us the *Lay of the Last Buccaneer*, most spirited of all his ballads. One who had been lying back in an arm-chair, known for its seductive properties as "Sleepy Hollow," roused up then, and could hardly sleep all night for the inspiring music of the words read by one of the very best readers I have ever heard.

Thus far the friend; and under Kingsley's own hand we may read what had inspired the ballad, and what was in his mind when he composed it. He was writing to John Hullah (from Eversley, 30th December, 1850), who had greatly pleased him with the setting of *The Three Fishers*, "the only setting which I have heard which at all renders what I wanted to say, and enters into the real feeling of the words." Hullah had now taken *The Last Buccaneer* in hand, and about that Kingsley seems to have felt less sanguine. "You have made it rollicking, you say. My idea of the music, as I wrote it, was a doleful, sentimental bawl, as of a wooden-legged sailor. I hardly think a rollicking tune suits the worn-out old man, unless you fancy him a thorough blackguard, which I didn't want; I tried to give a human feeling all through, by a touch of poetry and sadness in the poor old ruffian. Had I been a composer I should have tried to express this, and with a half-comic manner.

How to do that in poetry I know. Of music I know nought." And then he goes on to tell Hullah, who had apparently been asking who the buccaneers were and whence they got their name, that he will find all he wants to know in Walter Thornbury's *Monarchs of the Main* and in Angus Reach's *Leonard Lindsay*, both of which he recommends as well worth reading. Of Thornbury's book I have said something. The other I have never read; and its author is known to me only by what my friend Mr. Yates has told me in his own *Recollections and Experiences*; if *Leonard Lindsay* be half as well worth reading as that most entertaining of autobiographies, I am so much the poorer.

Certainly there is nothing rollicking in Kingsley's ballad, and there is much that is doleful and sentimental, suiting well enough with such an ideal as he had fashioned, though something less so, I should fancy, with the real man,—who by the way, like John Silver, was no buccaneer at all, but a common pirate; the buccaneers did not touch the merchant-captains, unless, to be sure, they carried Spanish merchandise. But far be it from me to question the poet's privilege; and about the rhythm and the spirit of the verses there can never be any question.

There were forty craft in Avès that were  
both swift and stout,  
All furnished well with small arms and  
cannon round about;  
And a thousand men in Avès made laws  
so fair and free  
To choose their valiant captains and obey  
them loyally.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and  
fruits that shone like gold;  
And the colibris and parrots they were  
gorgeous to behold;  
And the negro maids to Avès from bond-  
age fast did flee,  
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in  
from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the land-  
ward breeze  
A-swing with good tobacco in a net be-  
tween the trees,

With a negro lass to fan you, while you  
listened to the roar  
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that  
never touched the shore.

There is no mistaking the right ballad swing there. But Kingsley's choice of the scene of operations has always been a mystery to me. Of all places beside the Spanish Main the Isle of Avès must have been the least pleasant, including even that poison-haunt in the Mosquito Gulf where Drake found his death. There were two islands of the same name, both, as it signifies, the home of innumerable sea-fowl and of nothing else, for neither was ever really the headquarters of buccaneer or pirate, though each comes into their story. One of these is up among the Windward Isles about a hundred miles west of Dominica, concerning which and a certain Captain Daniel, jovial Father Labat tells a quaint tale which may also be read in Mr. Froude's *English in the West Indies*. It is a flat sandy key, about three quarters of a mile long, so low as to be invisible six miles off, but with good anchorage on the western side. Kingsley's island is down on the Main, among the Dutch Antilles, a few leagues south-east of Curacao and Buen Ayre. It is really a small group of islands, almost surrounded by a dangerous reef. On the largest island, about four miles long, grow a few orange and citron trees, and there are mangroves on one of the smaller ones; but for the most part they are sandy and sterile. The sea-fowl are still there, and a few Dutch fishermen; palms, colibris, and parrots, there are none and never have been for at least two hundred years. Within the reef there is good riding-ground and a harbour where the buccaneers used sometimes to careen. They were here in 1681, after the quarrel in the South Sea between Sharp's and Coxon's partisan's, and as Dampier was of the party we get an intelligent account of the place. He tells a wild tale of what befell some of the brotherhood not long before his

visit, when a French squadron, of king's ships and privateers under Count d'Estrées, was wrecked here on an expedition against Caracoe.

The Count d'Estree lost his fleet here in this manner. Coming from the eastward, he fell in on the back of the reef, and fired guns to give warning to the rest of his fleet: but they supposing their admiral was engaged with enemies, hoisted up their topsails, and crowded all the sails they could make, and ran full sail ashore after him. For his light being in the main-top was an unhappy beacon for them to follow; and there escaped but one king's ship and one privateer. The ships continued whole all day, and the men had time enough, most of them, to get ashore, yet many perished in the wreck; and many of those that got safe on the island, for want of being accustomed to such hardships, died like rotten sheep. But the privateers who had been used to such accidents lived merrily, from whom I got this relation; and they told me, that if they had gone to Jamaica with £30 a man in their pockets, they could not have enjoyed themselves more. For they kept in a gang by themselves, and watched when the ships broke, to get the goods that came from them, and though much was staved against the rocks, yet abundance of wine and brandy floated over the reef, where the privateers waited to take it up. They lived here about three weeks, waiting an opportunity to transport themselves back again to Hispaniola; in all which time they were never without two or three hogsheads of wine or brandy in their tents, and barrels of beef and pork; which they could live on well enough, though the new comers out of France could not. There were about forty Frenchmen on board one of the ships where there was good store of liquor, till the after-part of her broke away and floated over the reef, and was carried away to sea, with all the men drinking and singing, who being in drink, did not mind the danger, but were never heard of afterwards.

No, there were surely better ports for mariners on the Spanish Main than the isle of Avès. There was Boca del Toro, for instance, in the Gulf of Veragua, where the buccaneers gathered for their great raid into the South Sea, and where was "plenty of fat

tortoises, the pleasantest meat in the world"; and Golden Island, off the mouth of the Darien river, whereof Lionel Wafer (surgeon to the brotherhood, and author of a most entertaining little book of travels) tells us; and yet more westerly the Samballas, a cluster of well timbered, well watered keys, which, "with the adjacent shore, its hills and perpetual woods, make a lovely landscape off at sea," writes Wafer, who had a keener eye for such things than most of the brethren, and was, as befitted his profession, something of a naturalist to boot. The Samballas seem to have been a favourite haunt of the buccaneers during their later years, as the settled islands gradually became closed to them, and their power waned with the growing civilisation of the times. Among them, "be the winds how they will, you never fail of a good place for any number of ships to ride at"; and the most frequented of these harbours was known among the English by the pleasant name of Tickle me Quickly.

No such history stands on record of Macaulay's ballad, yet from the courtesy of a member of his family I have learned something of this too. It was never published during his lifetime, its first appearance in print being in the collection of his Miscellaneous Writings made in 1860. This explains Kingsley's ignorance of it when he set his hand to the same subject; though had he been sedulous to avoid a charge of plagiarism he could hardly have avoided it more completely. It was composed however so long ago as 1839 (the year of his return from India) during a passage across the Channel. The weather was as dirty as that described in the opening stanza, and Macaulay, a first-rate sailor, was with his usual good nature below with his companion, who was not equally careless of weather. After a time he went up for a spell on deck, but soon returning repeated to his friend some stanzas he had composed in the interval. They were those

now known as *The Last Buccaneer*.  
As they are not many, and seem to  
be less known than they should be, I  
will quote them; even to those who  
know them it will be no great hard-  
ship to read them once again.

The winds were yelling, the waves were  
swelling,  
The sky was black and drear,  
When the crew with eyes of flame brought  
the ship without a name  
Alongside the last Buccaneer.

"Whence flies your sloop full sail before  
so fierce a gale,  
When all others drive bare on the  
seas?  
Say, come ye from the shore of the holy  
Salvador,  
Or the gulf of the rich Caribbees?"

"From a shore no search hath found, from  
a gulf no line can sound,  
Without rudder or needle we steer;  
Above, below, our bark die the sea-fowl  
and the shark,  
As we fly by the last Buccaneer.

"To-night shall be heard on the rocks of  
Cape de Verde  
A loud crash and a louder roar;  
And to-morrow shall the deep, with a  
heavy moaning, sweep  
The corpses and wreck to the shore."

The stately ship of Clyde securely now  
may ride  
In the breath of the citron shades;  
And Severn's towering mast securely now  
flies fast  
Through the sea of the balmy Trades.

From St. Jago's wealthy port, from Havan-  
nah's royal fort,  
The seaman goes forth without fear;  
For since that stormy night not a mortal  
hath had sight  
Of the flag of the last Buccaneer.

There could be no fitter birthplace  
for such spirited lines than the deck  
of a ship in a storm, even though the  
ship were no more romantic bark  
than a Channel-packet.